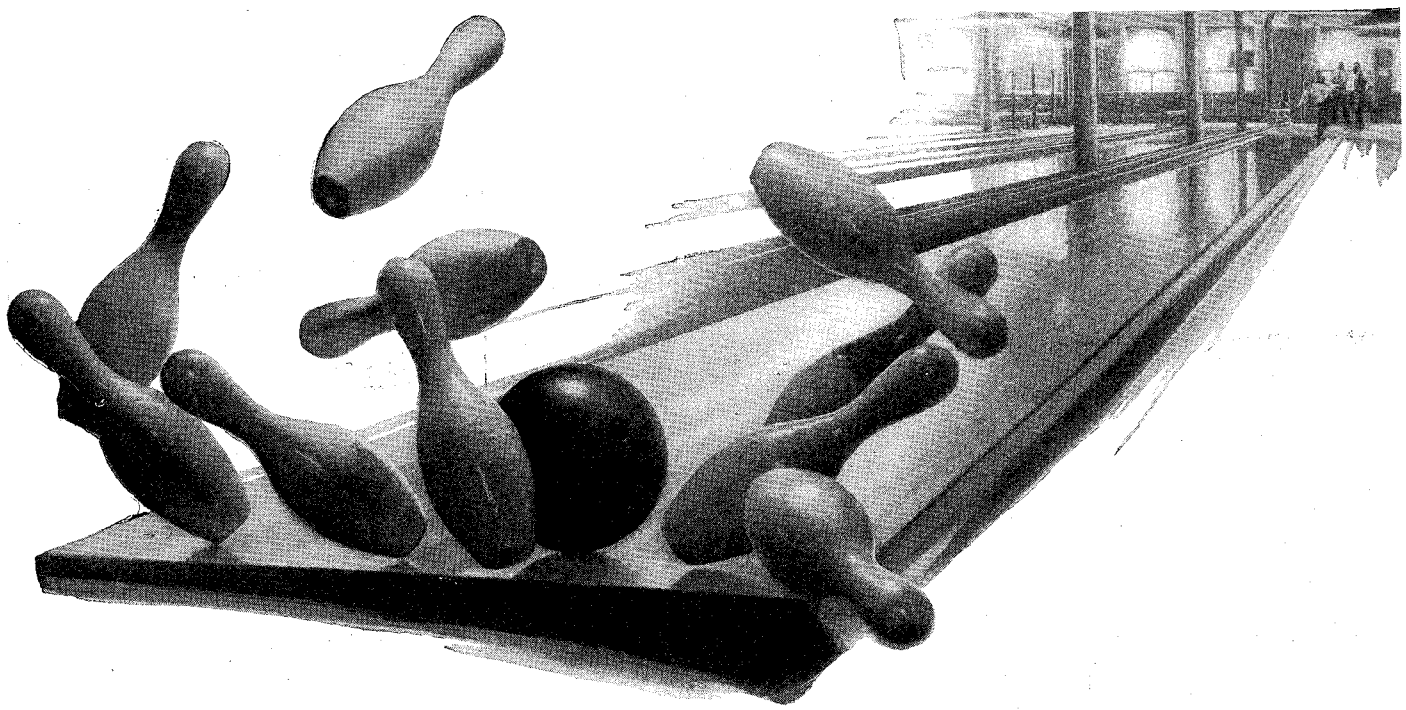

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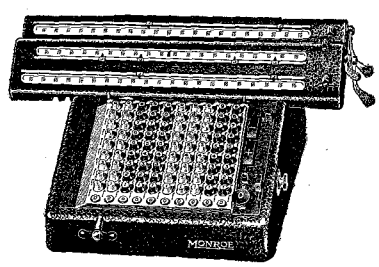

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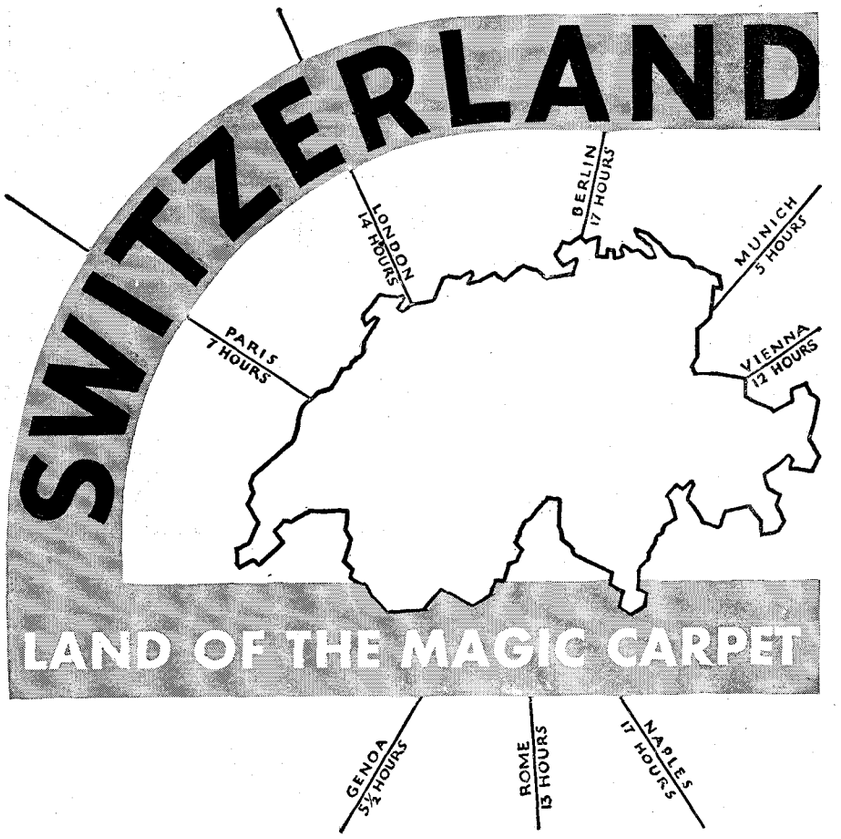

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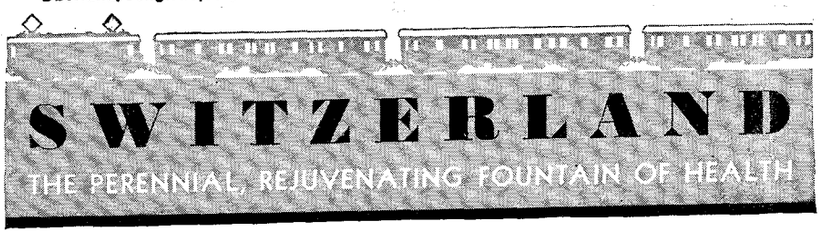

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for FEBRUARY 20, 1932

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Opening Skirmish in the 20,000,000-Ballot War

OUR FIRST TABULATION of home-coming ballots in the greatest of Prohibition polls is printed on this page.

The mighty backward sweep, the undertow of marked post-card votes for and against Prohibition, has set in strongly.

It is running like a mill-race.

Great loads of bulging bags, stuffed with their tens of thousands of ballots, swell the flood at each arrival of the clanging mail-wagons.

The short initial tabulation of early returns from eight States set forth on this page is far from having anything decisive about it. Anybody who takes it as a sign-post or a prophecy is liable to be deeply disappointed when the poll gets into its stride, and especially when it nears its finish.

Many startling fluctuations in the voting may be witnessed between now and then.

It was just a toss-up whether the drys or wets would win this opening skirmish in what is to be the long-drawn battle of the twenty million ballots.

THE DIGEST, true to its non-partizan traditions, gives the results of the opening skirmish and withholds all comment of its own. Others may draw conclusions, but we draw none.

The wets may seem to be having it all their own way in this affair of outposts, but nobody knows how soon the drys may not turn the tables on them.

It will be noticed at once that the bulk of to-day's votes are from the State of New York.

Our second tabulation in next week's DIGEST will probably embrace a much larger number of States, many in the politically bone-dry regions.

Kansas is yet to be heard from. That is, in tabulated form. Her ballots are coming in strongly, and are being disentangled by our tabulators, along with those from other States not included in this week's preliminary exhibit.

Our accompanying tabulation is rushed to the eyes of our readers as speedily as the meticulous care and accuracy of a DIGEST poll will permit.

If this first report of the tabulators of the great national referendum were to be taken as an index of the final one, it would make a startling story, of course. Anyhow, it will be studied with deep interest by both drys and wets.

First Report of the Literary Digest Prohibition Poll

Returns to February 8 — *State*	*Favor Continuance of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment*	*Favor Repeal of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment*	*Total*
GEORGIA	1,664	3,588	5,252
ILLINOIS	493	2,961	3,454
INDIANA	1,909	3,540	5,449
MARYLAND	2,208	10,616	12,824
NEW YORK	32,338	224,877	257,215
NORTH CAROLINA	4,999	7,142	12,141
OHIO	6,005	15,064	21,069
VIRGINIA	1,669	4,477	6,146
	51,285	272,265	323,550

Out of a total of 323,550 votes in eight States, we find 51,285 votes for the continuance, and 272,265 for the repeal, of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Our arithmetically minded readers will probably figure the percentages out as something like 15.85 dry, and 84.15 wet.

Further, they may figure that New York is the wettest of these States so far, with a wet percentage around 87.43, and that North Carolina is the driest, with a dry percentage around 41.17.

Illinois and Maryland are second and third in wetness, with wet percentages around 85.73 and 82.79 respectively.

Second and third in dryness are Indiana and Georgia, with dry percentages around 35.03 and 31.68 respectively.

Rock-ribbed Ohio, cradle of the Anti-Saloon League, figures in this early return as something like 71.5 per cent. for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and only 28.5 per cent. for its continuance.

That paradox alone should be enough to convince our readers that the growing volume of returns must be studied throughout the progress of the poll before any conclusions can safely be drawn.

COMPARING the present tabulation with the first tabulation in THE DIGEST's three-question Prohibition poll in 1930, we find that in that case there were ten States reported, mostly different from the present list.

The total vote tabulated was smaller—291,588. It was divided thus: For Prohibition, 80,739; modification (light wines and beer) 91,915; repeal, 118,934.

But first returns, as we have hinted, are not the whole story, not by a long shot. Let not anybody be cast down. Let not anybody be puffed up and begin talking about a revolution of sentiment against the Eighteenth Amendment.

Watch for the later returns, send in your ballot, and influence your friends to send theirs.

Here we repeat: Ballots are distributed only by mail, in conformity with THE DIGEST's system of conducting a poll, from which it never departs by a hair's-breadth. The system is as impersonal as a machine. It's no use asking for ballots to be given or sent to any one personally by favor. We can

A FULL-PAGE map in colors of Japan and China, showing Shanghai, Nanking, Manchuria, and the entire trouble area, and neighboring possessions like the Philippine Islands, will appear in THE LITERARY DIGEST next week. It will be of the highest value for reference and permanent preservation.

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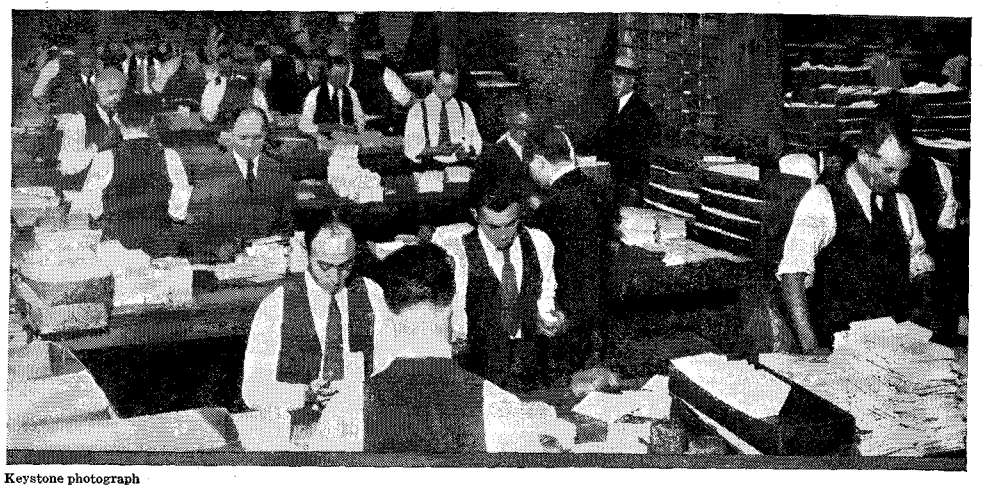


Keystone photograph

Uncle Sam's Postal Clerks Busy at the Poll Headquarters

Enough of these workers for the postal service of a good-sized city are here seen sorting "The Digest's" outgoing ballot mail according to their destinations all over the land.

not make personal exceptions, not even for our warmest friends and oldest subscribers.

You see, it is largely because of their machinelike impersonality that LITERARY DIGEST polls have become famous for what many chroniclers have called their "uncanny accuracy."

While the flood of returning ballots rises higher with each incoming mail, the remaining millions of our outgoing twenty million blank ballots continue to pour out in gigantic daily pulsations and circulate through the postal arteries of the country to its remotest regions.

The poll has stirred up a chorus of lively comment, ranging from warm appreciation to violent petulance. In a middle-vein of judicial review of the dry-wet situation, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* reminds its readers that:

"Since THE LITERARY DIGEST held its Prohibition poll in 1930, the Wickersham Commission has filed its report, municipal, gubernatorial, and Congressional elections have turned on the liquor issue, the Crusaders on the one side and the Allied Forces on the other have stimulated the fighting all along the battle-front, Bishop Cannon's activities have become better known to the public, Mr. Raskob has made various interesting proposals, the increasing demand for public revenue from the beer business has offset the overshadowing of the repeal movement by the rise of economic questions, Finland has discarded national Prohibition as a means to temperance, Congress has shown an increasing willingness to permit a Prohibition test vote, Southern Democrats have realized that their party is going to nominate another wet, and a new national election is just in the offing.

"And now THE LITERARY DIGEST has announced a new effort to sound out public opinion.

"This time the questions will center around continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment or repeal. Do you favor continuance? Do you favor repeal? That and no more. Tautological as the use of two questions may seem to the purists, the obvious intention and the probable result will be to record the most definite, extensive and clear-cut expression yet obtained from the public."

Here *The Virginian-Pilot* tells its readers that "the number of ballots will be approximately the same as in 1930—20,000,000—and the distribution and checking will follow the methods which hitherto have established the high reputation of LITERARY DIGEST polls." Reading on:

"On the central issue of the poll itself, the important national changes since the last effort to record the public mind and the continuing high interest in Prohibition as a national problem make the present effort timely and valuable. Defective as it may be in comparison with a legalized referendum, it is the most helpful unofficial test the country has."

Out in Gov. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray's great, big, bounding State, *The Daily Oklahoman* complains that "nothing will be settled by the nation-wide poll now being conducted by THE LITERARY DIGEST." Other comments here and there point to the potential usefulness of the poll totals as a source of information to Congress and to the leaders of both parties and convention delegates. Says *The Oklahoman:*

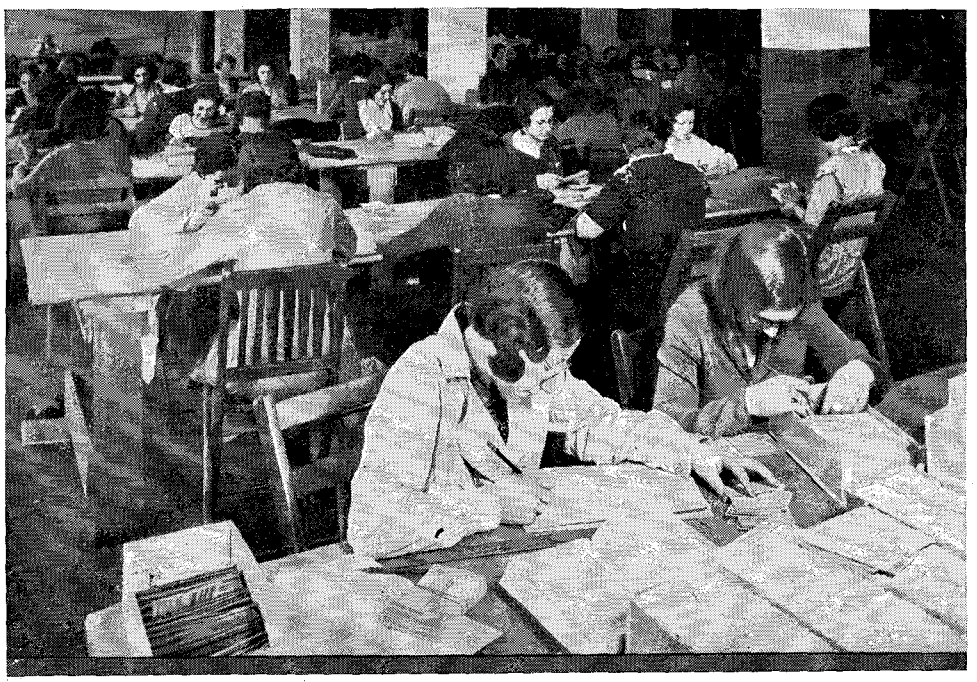
"All of the DIGEST polls that have been followed by a legal election have been found to be remarkably accurate in their reflection of popular sentiment. But none of its Prohibition polls have been followed by a legal election on Prohibition, and hence all of them have been questioned.

"Probably if we could have a popular vote on Prohibition next November, the result would approximate the result of the poll of THE LITERARY DIGEST, but there is little likelihood of such election, and the result of the poll will be challenged."

Challenged or not, the possibilities of the poll are highly appraised by the Boston *Herald.* Thus:

"Once again THE LITERARY DIGEST is to do the public a great service by conducting a poll on Prohibition. The figures which it collected in 1922 were of tremendous value, those of 1930 had a great influence on opinion, and the new tabulations will be referred to constantly during the Presidential campaign.

"The DIGEST figures will make it possible to answer these questions and many others. The data may even forecast the election results in many places, just as the Hoover-Smith inquiry of THE LITERARY DIGEST indicated unmistakably the outcome of the 1928 campaign."



Keystone photograph

Classifying Incoming Ballots According to States and Post-offices

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Japan's "Amazing" Proposal to Take China's Ports

"BALL ONE!"

Uncle Sam tosses back Japan's proposal on China, waiting for one that will cut squarely across the diplomatic plate.

Which is to say that hardly had Tokyo's Foreign Office suggested a revision of the Nine-Power Treaty to "neutralize" commercial centers in China when Washington rejected it, flatly and in toto.

Washington was "amazed" by the proposal, says the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "and antagonistic reaction was never more promptly manifested."

"The proposal," he adds, "was looked upon as suggesting revival of the old process of partitioning China and in direct violation of the pledges of Japan and the spirit of existing compacts, including the Nine-Power Treaty, guaranteeing the territorial and administrative integrity of China."

Altho the suggestion was not officially submitted to the United States and the other Powers, Tokyo dispatches tell us that it was framed by the official spokesman of the Foreign Office for submission on "a suitable occasion." It was evidently a "feeler," and its chilly reception seems fairly decisive.

It would create permanent neutral zones, fifteen or twenty miles wide, around the five principal Chinese ports of Shanghai, Canton, Hankow, Tientsin, and Tsingtao. The object of the plan would be the same as that of the Nine-Power Treaty, "to provide stability in China." No Chinese soldiers would be allowed in the neutral zones, which would be guarded by troops of the Foreign Powers. The proposal is advanced as a test of world opinion, it is said, and Japan has no thought of acting alone to put it into effect.

"Opposition to the proposal, if it is ever officially conveyed to the American Government, will be derived from two sources," writes Harold J. T. Horan in the Washington *Post*, "first, because the United States regards any tampering with the Nine-Power Treaty as the first step in the eventual dismembering of China; second, the Japanese Government itself is already on record as being opposed to the very plan which now emanates from Tokyo."

And Mr. Horan then points out that this attitude of Tokyo is in "striking contradiction" with the terms of a note submitted to Secretary of State Stimson as recently as last November 5. The note said:

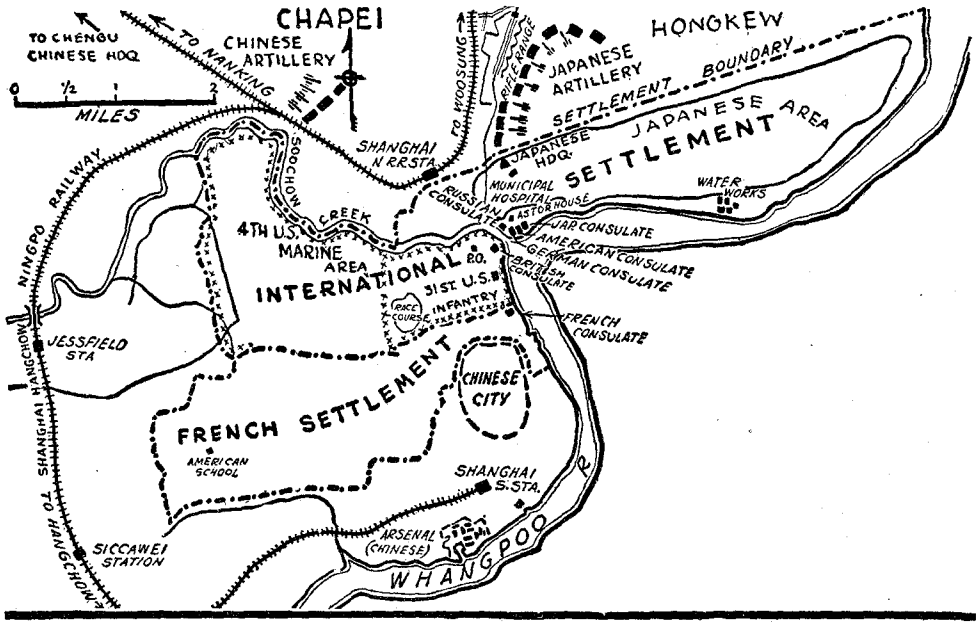
"It will be recalled that soon after the close of the Sino-Japanese War of 1884-1885 a policy looking to the eventual partition of China appeared to be gaining ground in some quarters of the world. In the denunciation of such a policy the United States, Japan, and Great Britain were in complete accord and their determination to respect the territorial and administrative integrity of China was affirmed in many of the diplomatic instruments signed by these Powers. The Japanese Government remains unchanged in their stand against the partition of China."

BUT if Washington was "amazed" at the proposal, Tokyo was both surprized and disappointed by the unfavorable reaction here, we are told by the Tokyo correspondent of the Associated Press—

"The Foreign Office spokesman declared the scheme did not mean the partition of China, as some Washington quarters had interpreted it. He also denied that it meant interference with China's administrative integrity, since Chinese administrative organs would function, he said, inside the demilitarized areas.

"'Those who disapprove of Japan's proposals should attempt to offer something better,' the spokesman said. 'If China is permitted to continue to drift, a partition is much more likely than if the Powers step in with positive measures.'

"A final settlement of Japan's dispute with China was impossible, he emphasized, unless cessation of the anti-Japanese movements and boycott was guaranteed. He said a continuation of the conditions of recent months would require Japan to send troops to China from time to time.



From the Baltimore *Evening Sun*

The Battle Zone at Shanghai

Showing the Japanese area in the International Settlement. Japan's use of the Settlement as a base of operations in the attack upon Chapei (pronounced Cha-pay) has led to vigorous protests by the United States.

"'If the world is going into hysteria every time Japan takes military action in China proper, it is time some permanent remedy is evolved,' the spokesman said."

WASHINGTON'S attitude toward Japan's proposal is shared by Great Britain, according to London dispatches.

"It is difficult to believe that Japan is sincere in suggesting the idea," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, adding that "the plan is on its face an example of bland assurance which emphasizes the determination of Japan to regard China as her oyster."

"Japan's purpose in destroying Shanghai and invading Manchuria becomes clearer with the proposal for revision of the Nine-Power Treaty," thinks the Washington *Post*—

"Having intrenched themselves in Manchuria, the Japanese ask that the treaty be so altered as to concede Japanese sovereignty in the vast and rich province. Japan asks the other great Powers to assist in binding and gagging China so that the Japanese may extract commercial profits from that unfortunate land without danger of boycotts or anti-Japanese movements. . . .

"If Japan assumes that China can be fettered with the complicity of this country and the other signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty, she has seriously underestimated both the intelligence and the integrity of the governments with which she is dealing."

"Japan offers to share the spoils," is the view the New York *Evening Post*, and the New York *Herald Tribune* adds that the proposal is "so preposterous that it is impossible to explain its inception in the Japanese official mind."

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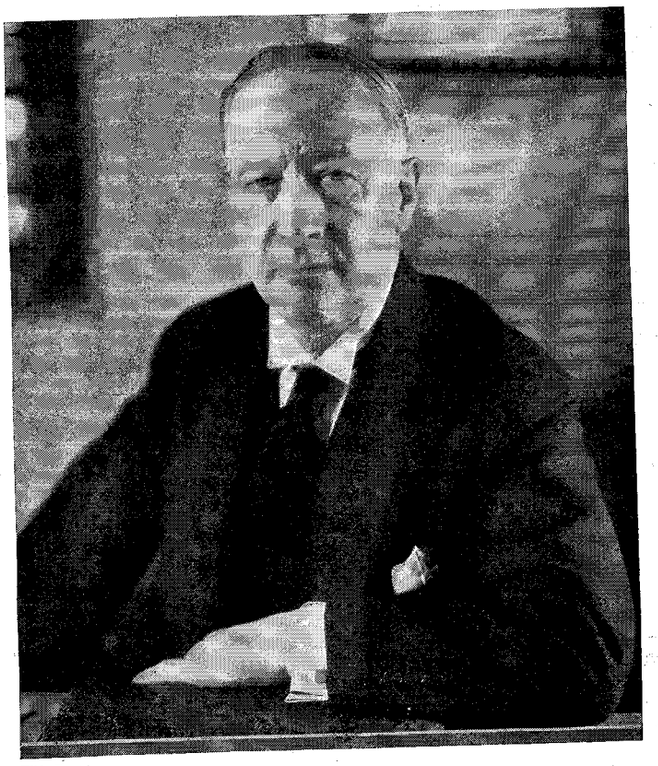
Smith Puts the Fight Into the Democratic Campaign

THE BROWN DERBY IS FLIPPED into the political ring.

And the fight is on.

The polite reserve which has been characteristic of the Democratic fight for the Presidential nomination begins to vanish, as feverish activity replaces watchful waiting.

The old Smith enthusiasts, beginning to thrill to the strains of "The Sidewalks of New York," are crying that their man, who polled 15,000,000 votes four years ago, is a sure winner this time. Other Democrats cry just as loudly in dismay, fearing the reappearance of the prejudices and issues that were so disastrous in 1928.



Wide World

Portrait of a Receptive Candidate

"I don't see how I can stop any one," remarked Alfred E. Smith, when the reporters asked him to amplify his formal statement and say whether he would let his friends go out and round up delegates.

Governor Roosevelt of New York is held by some political writers to be weakened as a prospective candidate by the appearance of Smith, while others contend that this will stimulate his following. Every one of the minor candidates is now held to have a better chance with Roosevelt and Smith apparently headed for a deadlock in the convention. In every primary State there is now promise of a hot contest for delegates.

NATURALLY, editors and correspondents not concerned over the fortunes of any particular candidate welcome such a jazzing up of what has been so strangely dull a campaign.

Republicans welcome the Smith statement. The Democrats generally are worried about it, tho a minority like it. This applies both to individuals and newspapers.

When the former standard-bearer handed the reporters his printed statement in his office in the Empire State Building, editors had already had a day or two to study it in advance of publication. And reporters had rushed to get the statements of political leaders. Lest we forget it, the Smith statement was worded in part as follows:

"If the Democratic National Convention, after careful consideration, should decide it wants me to lead, I will make the fight; but I will not make a preconvention campaign to secure the support of delegates.

"By action of the Democratic National Convention of 1928, I am the leader of my party in the nation. With a full sense of the responsibility thereby imposed, I shall not in advance of the convention either support or oppose the candidacy of any aspirant for the nomination."

THAT statement, said Senator Borah, "will make some people very happy, and some people very sad."

Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee did not seem to be at all displeased, as he remarked that the Democratic convention ought to "provide a show worth seeing." Insurgent Republican Senator Brookhart, who has no particular use for President Hoover, exploded with this:

"This statement is about the biggest fool thing ex-Governor Smith ever did. If he's a candidate, why didn't he say so. His talk about being the titular leader of his party makes me laugh."

Governor Smith's arch foe, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., came out with an I-told-you-so, adding:

"Governor Smith's statement has regrettably, but necessarily, made Prohibition once more an outstanding issue in the national political campaign."

Democrats in Washington seem to have difficulty in looking at the Smith statement in the same way. Here comes Senator Black of Alabama with, "that makes Governor Smith a candidate," and Senator King of Utah interpreting the statement to mean "that Governor Smith is not a candidate." Dry leader Senator Sheppard of Texas has only regrets that the ex-Governor has "virtually" entered the race, and feels "that his nomination would again involve the party in dangerous controversy." But Senator Gore, of the adjacent State of Oklahoma, feels that the statement means that Mr. Smith will not be an aggressive candidate, and the blind Senator is glad, "because that would unleash all the hell hounds of hate and intolerance once more." From Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, and from other New England members of Congress, come statements strongly supporting Smith. Governor Cox, of Ohio, the Democratic candidate in 1920, thinks it is only natural that Governor Smith's friends should feel that he is entitled to another chance.

TWO questions, of course, are raised by the Smith statement, and lead to wide difference of opinion: What effect will it have on the Democratic chances in the next election, and how will it affect the contest for the Democratic nomination at Chicago next June, after more than three months of primary campaigns, State and local conventions, maneuvers, deals, and attempts to move party sentiment from the platform and through the press?

To take first the effect of it on the nominating campaign, we find all the correspondents writing column after column of comment on this point from Washington and other political centers. If there be any consensus, it is that Governor Smith has at last made the preconvention contest a real fight, that he has weakened Roosevelt's chances for the nomination on an early ballot, that he does not expect to be nominated himself, and that the eventual beneficiary will be one of the lesser candidates, with Ritchie, Garner, and Baker in the best position to profit.

It is not so likely to help Smith "as to bury Roosevelt," writes Arthur Sears Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* and New York *Daily News*. Smith, says Edward T. Folliard of the Washington *Post*, "is out to wreck the onrushing Roosevelt band wagon, it is believed, and nominate some other candidate more to his liking." George R. Holmes of the International News Service reminds us that:

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"The candidacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt has been sweeping across the country like a prairie fire, largely because there has been nothing to stop it.

"The situation had reached a point where it seemed Governor Roosevelt might get the nomination by default unless something was done to check the eagerness of State leaders to climb aboard the Roosevelt band-wagon.

"The immediate effect of the Smith statement is to encourage the candidacy of every other possibility for the nomination except Roosevelt."

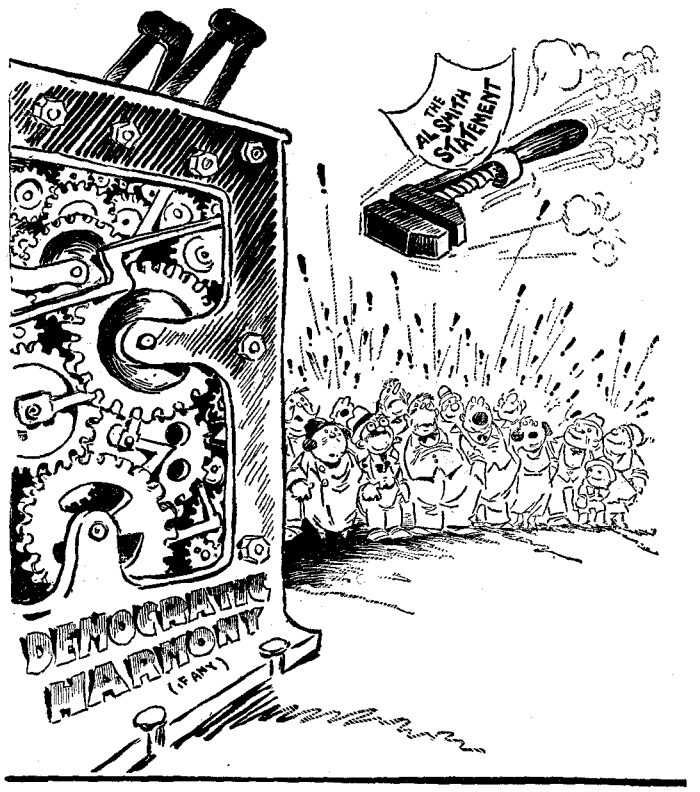
In view of the Democratic two-thirds rule, and the apparent certainty that Smith and Roosevelt can each keep a third of the delegates away from the other, it seems to Mark Sullivan of the New York *Herald Tribune* "as if Roosevelt and Smith are now both eliminated, and that the nomination should go to some one of the remaining rather large field."

Now to take a longer look into the future and consider the bearing of the Smith pronouncement on the November election.

There are independent and Republican editors who feel that Smith, by precipitating a real fight in the convention, and possibly arousing the old passions of 1924 and 1928, has made the prospect for Republican success much brighter.

"It is not yet time for the Republicans to laugh out loud," remarks the Albany *News*, "but they are entitled to smile." The independent Newark *News* in New Jersey and Denver *Post* in Colorado agree that this is the best piece of political news that Herbert Hoover has received since his election.

And plenty of Democratic editors agree. The Montgomery *Advertiser* fears that Mr. Smith "is inviting a furious intra-party war that may leave some unfortunate scars." In a two-column editorial the Macon *Telegraph* cries out against the warfare in the party which the Smith statement seems bound to precipitate just as the party was beginning quietly to settle upon a candidate who could win: "If the Democrats lose the Presidency in 1932, Al Smith will have been most to blame." The New York *Times* fears the revival "of those religious prejudices which so distrest thoughtful men in 1928." The Philadelphia *Record* is dismayed because it feels that Smith's statement can



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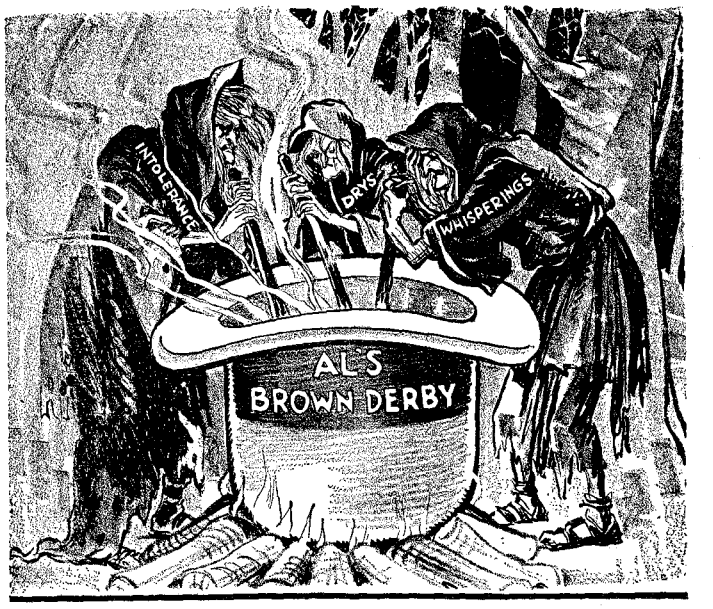
There Goes the Well-Known Monkey-Wrench

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."



"Double, Double Toil and Trouble—"

—Doyle in the Philadelphia "Record."

have only one practical effect: "Deadlock of the Democratic Convention between Smith and Roosevelt, and nomination of a pale compromise conservative of the Garner-Robinson type who would out-Hoover Hoover." And *The Record*, slightly modifying Frank Kent's picturesque phrase, concludes that "once again the Democrats seem about to gird their loins and snatch defeat from the very jaws of victory."

And yet there are Democrats who welcome Smith's entry into the field. In New England the Hartford *Times* and Providence *News-Tribune* argue that Smith, in view of his tremendous vote polled in 1928, did the right and proper thing in giving Democrats a chance to say whether they want him to be their standard-bearer this year. The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* sees no reason for alarm in the prospect of an open fight for delegates which will check the threatened solidification of the nominational situation, "before solidification is safe":

"The Smith move insures an open passage to the nomination of the candidate with the largest appeal to the delegates when actual balloting gets under way. That is all to the good."

Similarly the Baltimore *Sun* argues that the statement "is a thing of health for the Democratic party and for the nation, for it promises clash of opinion and purification by fire." And other Democratic papers welcome the prospect that a Smith-Roosevelt deadlock will insure the nomination of some other candidate.

In the New York *World-Telegram*, M. E. Tracy is glad that Smith has spoiled the program of victory-at-any-price Democrats. He believes that—

"The country owes Smith a great debt for crabbing the act, for forcing the Democratic party into a position where it can't straddle every issue in sight, or nominate a candidate whose chief qualification consists in the fact that he has been too wishy-washy to offend any one.

"Smith has made it necessary for the boys to do some hard thinking and, much as that may hurt their feelings, both the party and the nation will be benefited."

From the Hoover side of the fence come a few words of vigorous commendation of the Smith statement. Whether or not he be nominated or elected, says the New York *Evening Post*, "it is at last clear that Alfred E. Smith stands out as the manliest figure in the Democratic lists." And in the New York *Herald-Tribune's* opinion, "the former Governor's frankness and directness are in sharp contrast with the pussyfooting and evasive tactics of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

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A League Police Force?

STACCATO, VIGOROUS, DIRECT, André Pierre Gabriel Amédée Tardieu stands up before a full meeting of the World Disarmament Conference in Geneva, and presents France's "concrete" proposal for an international police force to prevent war.

Recklessly, without possibility of retreat, France's sixty-six-year-old Minister of War commits himself and his country—so Sisley Huddleston cables to *The Christian Science Monitor*—"to an extreme tho logical position."

Peace by discipline or anarchy by egoism—this is the only choice, Mr. Tardieu warned the delegates.

This extreme position, voiced with clear-cut and dramatic effect, is boiled down by P. J. Philip of the New York *Times* to these fundamentals:

"In the past the League Covenant has been constantly interpreted along the lines of least resistance.

"Mr. Tardieu and that France which he represents want to put a punch into it; they want to give it teeth; they want it to have more than moral authority and its present infinite capacity for appointing commissions."

FROM the text of the French proposals, we extract that section which has brought down a whirlwind of criticism upon Mr. Tardieu from practically every country save his own. The French proposal is to set up on behalf of the League—

"First, an international police force to prevent war.

"Second, the first contingent of punitive forces to repress war and bring assistance to any State victim of an aggression.

"The police force will be permanently available, with complete freedom of passage to occupy, in times of emergency, areas where the threat of war has arisen, and to assist the action of the commissioners of the League of Nations.

"This police force will be made up of a contingent furnished by each of the high contracting parties in proportions to be determined."

CABLES from London to THE LITERARY DIGEST indicate British mistrust of the French scheme. The Sunday *Observer* dismisses it as "a familiar device to evade the unpalatable by proposing the impossible." The Laborite *Daily Herald* finds underneath its façade an aim to perpetuate the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, and the Trianon. However: "If France accepts the logical corollary that international armed forces imply the disbandment of national forces, well and good." The Manchester *Guardian* points out that "it is to be doubted whether any scheme is practical that leaves out the United States."

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of Berlin rebels at what it considers "so much hypocrisy and cynicism." Granting that a League of Nations police force is a sublime thought, the Socialist *Vorwaerts* of Berlin exclaims that the idea is really too good "for jockeying purposes."

Cabled from Rome, an editorial from the *Giornale d'Italia* points out the danger of transforming the League into a super-State through its international army, and its members reduced to vassalage. Moreover:

"Such an Army would be tantamount to multiplication of the world's armed forces; and an increase in military expenditures for warlike weapons would be effected, through a peculiar paradox in behalf of universal disarmament."

A Touch of Sanity in a Mad World

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

Through the Jungle to Peace

"A JUNGLE OF INCOMPATIBLES."

Thus the New York *Herald Tribune* pictures the situation at the World Disarmament Conference, after considering the statements of the spokesmen for the leading nations.

Tardieu's bid for a League police force raises nothing but discord.

On the other hand, P. J. Philip, correspondent for the New York *Times*, finds essential harmony in the American, British, and German positions, cabling this opinion to the great metropolitan daily:

"To this open court of the world's nations, met to consider and decide how armaments should be limited and reduced, the United States and Germany brought their proposals. They harmonized and complemented each other.

"Between the United States and Great Britain there is also agreement. So far, therefore, it may be fairly claimed the conference has ground for hope of success."

Ambassador Hugh S. Gibson's speech, presenting the case of the United States, was received with only moderate enthusiasm by the delegates, but is held by this correspondent to remain "of importance as the real basis for all that can be done":

"The American case was built on the fact that every nation represented is a signatory of the Kellogg-Briand pact, and thus pledged to abolish war as an instrument of national policy.

"This deduction was as logical as any of those which France had produced from different premises."

Surprize was aroused, says an Associated Press dispatch in the New York *American*, by this country's indorsement of the principle of budgetary limitation on expenditures for war supplies. Other features of America's nine-point program as presented by Mr. Gibson, are summarized in the same paper:

"Prolongation of the naval agreements concluded at Washington and London; further reduction of naval armaments; total abolition of submarines; effective measures to protect civilians from bombing from the air; total abolition of lethal gases and bacteriological warfare; limitation of armed forces on the basis of effectives necessary for the maintenance of internal order plus some suitable contingent for defense; restrictions on tanks and heavy mobile guns."

THIS program, exclaims the London *Daily Express*, is "practically identical with that of Great Britain" (presented by Sir John Simon at Geneva).

Many American papers, like the Baltimore *Sun*, the Newark *Evening News*, the Washington *Post*, and the New York *Herald Tribune*, can not perceive the dawn of peace through the dense disarmament jungle. Typical is *The Herald Tribune*'s skepticism:

"Even between policies as closely parallel as those stated by Mr. Gibson and Sir John Simon minor points of conflict can be discerned; while between the Anglo-American view of disarmament, the French view and the German view there is practically no meeting whatever. The conference, evidently, must resolve itself into a patient search for the largest possible areas of agreement to be found amid a jungle of incompatibles."

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Coaxing Slacker Dollars Back to Work

OUT OF THE OLD WOOLEN SOCK, out of the teapot and sugar-bowl, from the cosy retreat in the inner-spring mattress, they'll all be coaxed out, and marched straight down the street to the nearest and soundest bank!

Who are they?

This nation's army of more than a billion and a quarter slacker dollars, according to Col. Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago *Daily News*, and chairman of the committee appointed to carry out President Hoover's campaign against hoarding.

Mainly, it will be, Colonel Knox explains to the United Press, a community campaign, with demonstrations aimed to show that local banks, supported by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, are sound. And house-to-house canvasses, hunting down those skulking, hibernating iron men, may be arranged, if their conscription becomes necessary. Announces Colonel Knox in his United Press interview:

"This is a fight to put every dollar back to work. Every dollar withdrawn from circulation means more unemployment."

This nation-wide campaign to rout out those 1,300,000,000 men of metal is inspired, according to the press, by the example of Urbana and other Illinois communities which transmuted fear to confidence.

The President had received advice on the national crisis from spokesmen of the "come out" plan, as operated in those communities. The story has been recounted all over the country. We find it crisply put in the Charlotte *Observer*.

"Public confidence in banks was shaken in Urbana and its adjoining city of Champaign. Three banks closed.

"Long lines of depositors stood before the other banks, seeking to withdraw their funds.

"The Mayor conferred all night with other city officials and with economic professors of the University of Illinois, from which he was graduated only a few years ago. He issued his proclamation the next morning, ordering all of Urbana business shut down for five days. He excepted only public service.

"Mayor Harmon then organized Urbana's civic leaders into squads which canvassed the city block by block and house by house, exacting pledges from all bank depositors not to withdraw money they did not need.

"The mayor settled down to wait, calm in the belief that his fellow citizens would 'forget their hysteria' after thinking it over for a few 'days of Sundays.'

"The citizens rallied so readily that Harmon revoked his enforced holiday order after three days. Business reopened and things began to hum in Urbana. The lines of customers who had been withdrawing money from the banks the week before returned to the deposit windows, and Urbana has been functioning normally ever since."

THE big drive against hoarding was started by President Hoover with a call to arms to the leaders of civic, commercial, church, labor, and agricultural bodies of the nation, to enlist in a concerted move against the "Hindenburg line of wide-spread hoarding," as the New York *Herald Tribune* expresses it.

These organizations pledge whole-hearted support, and the press of the country, with few dissenting voices, commends the wisdom of the President's proclamation.

Especially impressive to the majority of the country's editors are the following excerpts from Mr. Hoover's appeal:

"I am convinced that citizens hoarding currency or money do not realize its serious effect on our country.

"It diminishes the credit facilities by many billions.

"Every dollar hoarded means a destruction of from five to ten dollars of credit.

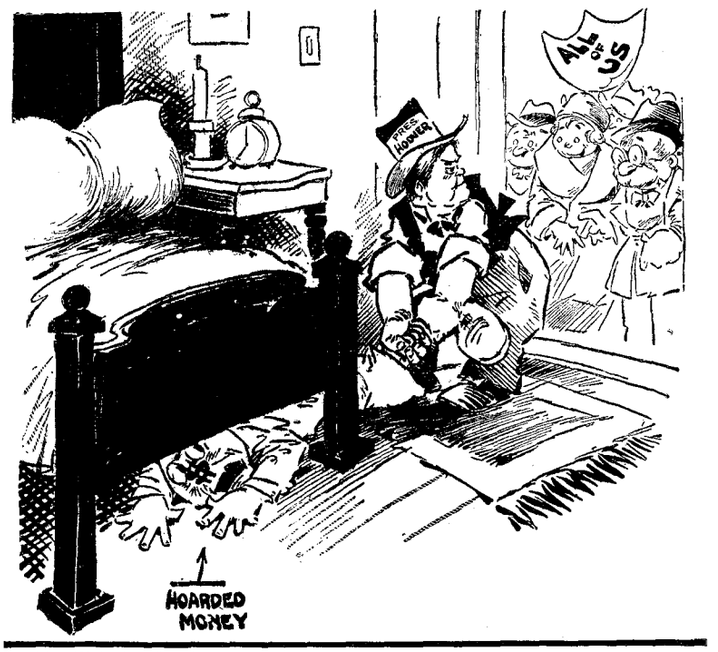
"Credit is the blood-stream of our economic life. Restriction or destruction of credit cripples the revival and expansion of agriculture, industry and employment.

"Every dollar returned from hoarding to circulation means putting men to work.

"It means help to agriculture and to business.

"Every one hoarding currency injures not only his own prospects and those of his family, but is acting contrary to the common good. It is to their own interests that they should return it to circulation, as well as a patriotic service to the country as a whole."

Metropolitan dailies like the New York *Herald Tribune*, liberal organs like the Scripps-Howard Washington *News*, financia



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But He is Going to Need Your Help
—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

journals like *The Wall Street Journal*, all point out that this attempted conscription of slacker dollars logically supplements the work of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. As *The Wall Street Journal* interprets the new campaign:

"It is literally a partnership between the Government and the whole body of actual and potential bank depositors in the undertaking to stop the destructive round of fear-inspired deflation."

DISSENTING voices are few; but they make themselves heard above the chorus of assent by their sharp vehemence. The New York *Journal of Commerce* points out that hoarding and such manifestations "are primarily symptoms, only secondarily causes of depression."

Most bitter in its denunciation of the President's antihoarding drive is the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.), which accuses Mr. Hoover of scolding currency hoarders, and derisively retorts:

"The President could have pointed out that the estimated hoardings of $1,300,000,000 amount to only 2½ per cent. of total bank deposits of $50,000,000,000, which shows that an overwhelming majority of Americans are cool-headed in a time of stress.

"The President made no reference to the cause of hoarding: closing of 2,311 banks during 1931. He said not a word about giving Federal relief to the men and women who have lost their savings in these closed banks. He said not a word about protecting the depositors of the banks which remain open, or of strengthening our banking system."

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The Mellon-Mills "Shake-Up"

INTO THE SECRETARYSHIP OF THE TREASURY jumps the stocky, vigorous, forty-seven-year-old Ogden L. Mills of New York.

Off to London to be Ambassador goes the frail, white-haired, seventy-six-year-old Andrew W. Mellon, after eleven years of service as Treasury chief.

A surprize in the case of Mr. Mellon, the advancement of Mr. Mills is no surprize to the Washington correspondents.

"Upon him," explains Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun*, "has rested the burden of the Treasury work, and upon him in the last three years Mr. Hoover had relied and with him conferred."

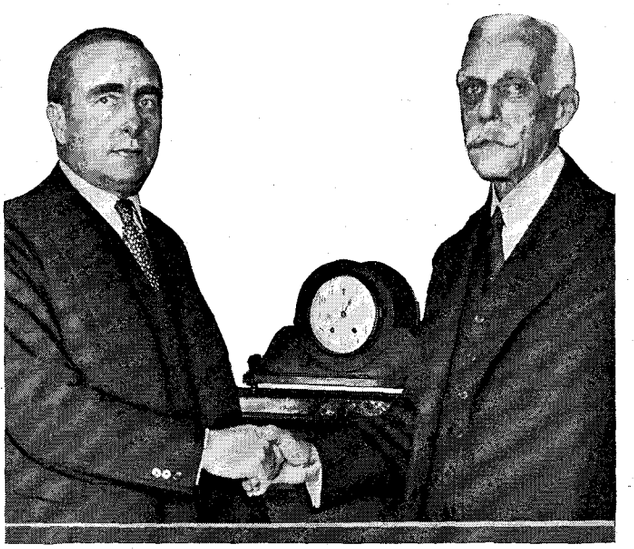
Indeed, Mr. Kent goes so far as to say that "Mr. Mellon had not been in the Cabinet for three years or more, tho he did not know it."

What sort of man is our new Secretary of the Treasury, upon whom the tremendous burden of the nation's finances now will rest? For one thing, during his five years as Under Secretary, he has carved a name as being one of the hardest-working officials in Washington. He is credited with having persuaded President Hoover to grant the debt moratorium, and is said to be closer to the President than any other official. As seen through the eyes of Charles M. McCann, Washington correspondent of the United Press—

"Mills is cocky, somewhat hard-boiled when he is not glassily suave, but naturally of easy-going, good-natured temperament.

"A man of great wealth, inherited from his gold-rush-days grandfather, he is a lineal descendant of Robert Livingston, who administered the oath of office to George Washington.

"He is an astute politician, who, after graduating in three years from a four-year Harvard course, went into training as a ward heeler and a quick-thinking financial expert. Mills is a lover of horses, a yachtsman, and a World War soldier."



Wide World

One Gets the Job the Other Never Wanted

Ogden L. Mills (left), appointed Secretary of the Treasury to succeed Andrew W. Mellon, new Ambassador to Great Britain.

"HIS career, we also read, embraces a term in the New York Senate, a defeat by Alfred E. Smith in a New York gubernatorial contest, and service in the National House of Representatives.

"I feel humble," said Mr. Mills upon his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. "I only want to go ahead and do the best job I can, and keep my mouth shut."

As for Mr. Mellon, some papers declare that he is being "kicked up-stairs" by his appointment as Ambassador to succeed Charles G. Dawes. But an apparent majority of editors think otherwise.

The ambassadorship, they aver, will give him the opportunity to perform further valuable service on the problem of war debts and reparations.

Called "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton"—a characterization both endorsed and ridiculed—Mr. Mellon now reveals that he never really wanted the Cabinet post which he has held so long.

"I had no substantial reason to refuse, but I really did not want to come," he said in a press interview, explaining his acceptance of the Secretaryship upon Harding's insistence.

But he did come to Washington, a shy, quiet man of immense wealth, whose outstanding personal habit was the smoking of small, delicately-shaped cigars. For eleven years he served as Secretary of the Treasury. His term, we read, has been exceeded only by one other Treasury head—Albert Gallatin, another Pennsylvanian, who served from 1801 to 1813.

So strong has been the Mellon impress upon the various Administrations that some Washington observers refer to him as the man under whom three Presidents served. Outstanding among Mr. Mellon's achievements, according to the correspondents, was the reduction of the public debt from $26,000,000,000 to $17,000,000,000 in ten years.

"Altho several of his policies during the last decade have been subjected to bitter political attack in Congress," writes Lawrence Sullivan in the Washington *Post*, "no unfriendly critic ever has been able to sustain any charge involving either Mr. Mellon's official conduct or his private business enterprises."

But impeachment charges against the Secretary were pending when President Hoover gave him the ambassadorship, altho the correspondents seemed to think the ouster move would not have gone far.

Announcing Mr. Mellon's transfer to London, Mr. Hoover spoke of "the critical situation facing all countries in their international relations, the manifold economic and other problems," and added:

"I have decided to call upon one of our wisest and most experienced public servants to accept a position which will enable him, after many years of distinguished public service at home, to render equal service to his country in the foreign field."

LONDON political and diplomatic circles are "well pleased" by the Mellon appointment, according to cable reports. Several papers call him "a great friend to Great Britain." "It was apparent," notes the Associated Press correspondent, "that his appointment would raise hopes that some steps would be taken toward a revision of war debts."

As for the reaction here, some observers, alleging a growing coolness between the President and Mr. Mellon, view his transfer as "dropping the pilot" of the prosperity era, or "kicking him up-stairs." Several who are not imprest by Mr. Mellon's record are eager to praise his successor. One of these is Mr. Kent, already quoted, who says that "Mr. Mills is one of the ablest men in public life. Clear-headed, informed, experienced, he is a man of character, courage, and capacity."

Echoing Mr. Kent's high praise of Mr. Mills, many editors also agree with the Providence *Journal* which calls the Mellon appointment "merited recognition of the accomplishments of a great public servant."

"Mr. Mellon at London would seem to be the eminently proper man in the proper place," declares the Boston *Herald*. Further praise is voiced by the Albany *Knickerbocker Press:*

"America will be well assured that he will do his country honor and serve it well in the rounding out of his career in its most important diplomatic post."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE war spark is often fanned by trade-winds.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE greatest mystery about some mystery pictures is why they were ever filmed.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

IT looks as if the wool surplus will be even greater this year. We've just seen the new styles in bathing-suits.—*Judge.*

TWO years without a zero day is Chicago's record, according to the Federal weather observer. The city treasurer, however, says to the contrary.—*Detroit News.*

THE dove of peace has been shanghaied.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

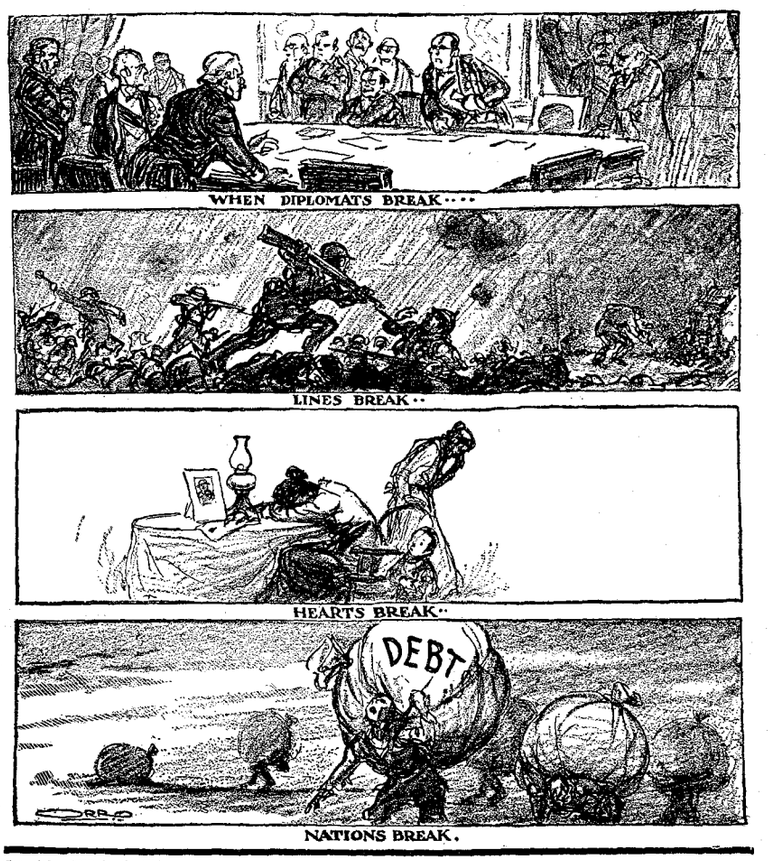
NO one loves a quitter, but the acquitters seem to be fairly popular.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

WHAT this country needs is a successful approach-forcing system to be used on bankers.—*Pathfinder (Washington).*

WESTERN Powers trying to pull out the teeth of the Oriental war would naturally classify as Occidentists.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A WRITER of popular songs has been kidnaped in America. It seems quite a good idea unless somebody ransoms him.—*Passing Show (London).*

POOR pacifist China may be in for a terrible licking, but she will get it over with a lot faster than big militarist Germany did.—*San Diego Union.*



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Beware of the Breaking-Point

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

A PARIS girl is to marry a man who shot at her with a revolver. This should be a lesson to him not to shoot at people with a revolver.—*Passing Show.*

ALFONSO, it is reported, has plenty to live on the rest of his life—nothing like saving from a reigny day.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

AND after Stimson has got through invoking the Nine-Power Treaty, he might try the Ten Commandments.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

JAPAN asks the Powers to restrain the military impetuosity of the Chinese. Did any one say the Japs have no sense of humor?—*Boston Globe.*

STILL, one must remember that every dollar Europe borrowed was used to purchase thirty cents' worth of American products.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE Philippines wound up 1931 with a treasury surplus of $500,000. Is any further proof needed that the islands are not yet ready for independence?—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

WE read of a place down in South America where considerable money is to be invested in raising chimpanzees and such-like for circuses and zoos. Locally, at least, that ought to throw a monkey-ranch into the depression.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IT appears that Japan has Pacific ambitions!—*Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel.*

THE first line to feel the effects of returning prosperity will be the dotted one.—*Paterson News.*

THE final test of patriotism is to be a Democrat and pray for good times before November.—*Pottsville Journal.*

WE are continually being assured that this depression is "only in the public mind." Well, the public mind must be a lot deeper than we ever suspected.—*Arizona Producer.*

PROSPERITY is now in sight, says an economist. So is Mars.—*Thomaston Times.*

WHAT we need is more confidence and fewer confidence men.—*Florence Herald.*

MORE gas stations than banks are being robbed. Which shows where the money is.—*Pathfinder.*

DISARMAMENT has not entirely failed. The Chinese Army has finally discarded bows and arrows.—*Florence Herald.*

As we understand Mr. Baker and Mr. Roosevelt, the League of Nations has no standing with the League of Candidates.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

MANUFACTURERS of playing-cards and cigarets report increased business for 1931. This proves that people must have the necessities of life, depression or no depression.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

"THERE is little change in trousers," says a fashion-writer. It has, of course, all gone to the tax-collectors.—*Punch (London).*

A BOSTON secretary who killed her employers will plead insanity. Anybody who kills any employer these days is crazy.—*Judge.*

IN view of the mineral deposits in Manchuria, maybe Japan has revised her policy to favor the opened ore.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A BANKER is a man who charges you for the use of other people's money and then feels that he has done you a favor.—*Oil City Derrick.*

RUSSIA announces discovery of an artificial source of rubber, which ought to help Russia on the home-stretch of the Five-Year Plan.—*Wichita Eagle.*

AND after following the Seabury disclosures for more than a year, it seems to us that the best way to succeed in New York politics is to start at the bottom and work everybody.—*Judge.*

"NOWADAYS there are many more young editors than old ones," says a literary paper. A would-be journalist assures me, however, that he never approaches one who doesn't seem to be in his declining years.—*Passing Show.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Lithuania's Blow at Memel

ONE MORE WORRY for the League of Nations.

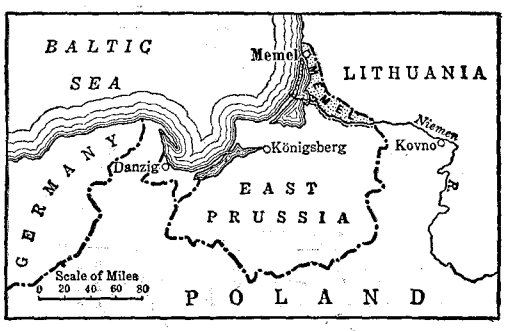
It comes just now, when the League has plenty of other worries, in Lithuania's sudden stroke at Memel. Lithuania merely arrested a "traitor," it claims.

But it is far more than that, says Germany; it is a barefaced suppression of the autonomy of this little piece of territory, mostly inhabited by Germans, with a fine seaport on the Baltic. What will the League do about it? Nothing, gloomily predict some of the German press.

Suddenly arrested and clapped into military barracks on a charge of treason by the Lithuanian Government, Otto Boettcher, German President of the Memel Territorial Council, was supplanted by a Lithuanian Directorate.

The Lithuanians stand pat on their procedure, it seems, while Lithuanian troops are reported to be patrolling the streets and frontier of this little section of 1,520 square miles, which was detached from Germany under the Treaty of Versailles, and later put under Lithuanian control, with provisions for autonomy.

The charge of treason against Mr. Boettcher, say Kovno (Lithuania) press dispatches, is based on allegations that in visits to Berlin he conducted negotiations with German officials. Lithuanian dispatches claim also that Mr. Boettcher had his choice of resigning before his arrest, but apparently he preferred prison.



Europe's New Sore Spot

Germany and Lithuania clash over Memel, which has an autonomous government, altho Lithuania enjoys sovereignty over Memel Territory. Germans outnumber Lithuanians there.

A blow at the heart of Memel's autonomy has been struck by the Lithuanian Government in arresting Mr. Boettcher, we read in Berlin dispatches, which remind us that Memel's home rule in legislative, judicial, administrative, and financial affairs is provided for in the Statute signed by Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Lithuania in July, 1924.

Memel Territory has a population of 147,000, of whom, the Germans claim, only 37,000 are Lithuanians. Governor Anton Merkys, Lithuania's representative in Memel Territory, first came into collision with President Boettcher, when charges were made against the President that he had permitted certain Memel citizens to cross the German frontier in contravention of the law.

Mr. Boettcher explained that certain Memel farmers were merely negotiating with the German authorities for the export of farm products to Germany. And this is said to have led to anti-German agitation, and to the demand of Governor Merkys that either he or President Boettcher must be supplanted.

A GIANT demonstration of Lithuanian "young sharpshooters" is scheduled for Memel, say some Berlin correspondents. But Memel dispatches report an order of Governor Merkys' for the suppression of Lithuanian Nationalist "insults" to German residents of Memel.

The Governor declares that Lithuania desires to maintain peace and order in Memel, and has no intention of infringing the Statute of Memel.

Germany's "right to formulate the necessary request" for settlement of the affair by the League Council was announced in a letter of the German Foreign Ministry sent to Geneva.

But some editorials of the German press cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST express little hope in the League. Full of disappointment, the Nationalist Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* bemoans:

"Since Memel was given a Lithuanian administration in 1923, the guaranties of the League of Nations have not saved Memel any of her humiliations, which have ranged from mass expulsion of Germans to shootings and falsification of elections.

"The guaranties of the League failed in this case, as they have always failed, when they have not touched interallied, and especially French, interests. Even as in the case of Japan in the Far East, so Lithuania is given advantages and opportunities against this defenseless land.

"The rape of Memel is a terrible handwriting on the wall for Germany. Danzig and East Prussia? Who is to prevent Poland from taking advantage of her position? Perhaps France's branch office at Geneva, the League of Nations?"

THE sparks flying at Memel are merely revelations of an old smoldering conflict, as the democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung* sees it. The fact is, this newspaper declares—

"The process of turning Memel Lithuanian has been too slow to suit the Lithuanians. They want a speedier change, but they have chosen a false method to attain it.

"The present fire could not have broken out had the League of Nations fulfilled its duty as an arbitrator for these tiny lands which it created itself.

"Then Germany, from whom Memel was taken without a plebiscite, would have had a word to say as a League member."

Ominous warning to the Lithuanians appears, among editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, in the financial Berlin *Boersen Courier*. Its tone toward the Lithuanians verges on the *contemptuous*:

"A decade ago the Western Powers would have given two million Lithuanians all of Russia and Poland. The Lithuanian autonomy was granted chiefly because it appeared unimportant.

"Perhaps the Powers will decide differently to-day. In any case, they will never permit the tiny and insecure State of Lithuania to create a new trouble in Europe.

"Lithuania has no effective peace and no finally recognized borders. If the signed and sealed Statute of Memel is not valid, how much less is the unwritten Lithuanian Statute worth?"

NOW let us see what Lithuanian feeling is like as reflected in cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST. According to the Kovno *Lietuvos Aidas*, official organ of the Lithuanian Government, the arrest of President Boettcher, as thus described in Berlin cables, was his "retirement." Yet this newspaper honestly thinks that "it would have been better if Boettcher had resigned in a normal manner," and it continues:

"Lithuania is answerable to the Powers as well as to the Memel convention for order in the Memel Territory, but peace and order could not be maintained while Boettcher, whom the Government mistrusted, remained.

"Boettcher violated his oath of office, whereupon the Governor was obliged to remove him. A new President now must be chosen through the regular channels."

Another Kovno journal, the *Juedische Stimme*, sometimes called the *Yiddische Stimme*, has this to say:

"There has always been dissatisfaction at Memel. It was hoped that Boettcher would be able to maintain a middle course, but this failed. It was patently clear that he must conform to the wishes of the majority party.

"But so long as the majority party's principles remain unchanged, there are a number of cultural and administrative problems in connection with Memel which scarcely can be composed.

"The only solution would be a reasonable mutual understanding and efforts at arbitration. Unfortunately for the Memelanders, every difference of opinion leads to conflict."

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"Chistka" the Soviet Cleaner

CLEAN-UP COMMISSIONS IN SOVIET RUSSIA are all in the day's work.

The "Chistka," or purge, is applied periodically to State institutions, and proceeds without sensational fanfare to "turn the rascals out."

Under the direction of a central purge commission, subcommissions scour offices, libraries, and institutions with something of the authority of temporary courts.

They hear charges of misconduct against employees, and when the charges seem well-founded, recommend dismissal of the guilty. But there is long and careful preparation for a "Chistka," we learn from the Moscow correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*.

The walls of the institution under fire are covered with posters announcing that the purge will eliminate the class enemies of the proletariat. All persons with knowledge of incriminating material are urged to report to the Commission. The actual trial is public, and this informant gives an instance:

"Spirodonov, the employee whose case was before the Commission for decision, was accused on various counts—that he concealed his class origin, that he served in the White Army during the civil war, that he embezzled money, and failed to help the 'vidvizhentsi,' as workers who are promoted to administrative posts are called.

"An ardent representative of the local branch of the Union of Communist Youth summed up the case against Spirodonov with all the zeal of a prosecuting attorney, and the audience, which consisted largely of employees in the same institution, took an active part in the cross-questioning.

"The problem of class origin bulked very large in the examination. Under Soviet conditions it was apparently an important moral point whether Spirodonov's father had been, as he asserted himself, a very small trader, or a shop owner with an income running into many thousands of rubles.

"Spirodonov's explanation of his service in the White Army was that he had been mobilized under threat of death, and took the first opportunity of deserting to the Reds.

"He admitted having embezzled money from a public fund during a drinking bout, but argued that he had been sufficiently punished for this by being expelled from the party, and that it was an old case, which had no bearing on his present work.

"Apparently he had a low opinion of the technical competence of the 'vidvizhentsi,' which had involved him in difficulties with them, and may have led up to his denunciation before the purging commission."

UNFORTUNATELY, this Moscow correspondent of *The Guardian* never learned the final disposition of Spirodonov's case, because, as he tells us, like a trial scene in one of Dostoievsky's novels, a "Chistka" is a very protracted affair, and after all the evidence has been heard, the Commission requires some days in which to formulate its decision.

There are three gradations of crime and punishment among persons condemned in the course of a purge, and, it seems:

"Offenders in the first category, who are regarded as having deliberately caused harm, are subjected to the very harsh penalty, under Soviet conditions, of being barred from all State employment.

"Second category offenders, who are considered to have committed some fault, but not wilfully, are merely dismissed from existing employment, which, in view of the labor shortage, is not very terrifying.

"In the third category are persons who are simply found technically unprepared for their posts. These are forbidden to occupy responsible positions for a term of two years."

International photograph

"A Plan of Conquest"

Is the program of the militarist party in Japan, says a British naval authority, Commander J. M. Kenworthy, who calls Manchuria Japan's "jumping-off place" for domination of all Asia.

Japan's "Great Gamble" for Power

ONE OF THE GREATEST GAMBLES in history is Japan's action in Manchuria and at Shanghai.

This is the charge of Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, a noted British authority on international affairs as well as a world-famous authority on the British Navy and the navies of the other nations.

It is an amazing bid for power, he avers.

In the World War he commanded a cruiser, then a battle-ship. Then he went into the Admiralty and invented traps to capture German submarines.

In disclosing to Edwin C. Hill of the New York *Sun* what many in England think of the Chinese-Japanese "row," and what is likely to be the outcome of it, Commander Kenworthy says:

"I would not have you think that I am talking for effect or at random.

"I tell you seriously there is firm belief among us in England that the Japanese militarists have embarked on this almost incredible policy of expansion and conquest, and are entering upon it with the passive support of Soviet Russia and republican France."

THIS plain-talking British naval expert has been six times elected to the House of Commons for Hull in Yorkshire, and might be there yet, as Mr. Hill remarks, "if last year's political cyclone hadn't blown almost all the Laborites, of whom he is a most intense one, back to private life." As portrayed by Mr. Hill, Commander Kenworthy appears to us:

"He's a hefty chunk of a man, this ex-naval officer and walking encyclopedia of the navies of the world.

"He's broad and thick and fairly tall, and tips the beam at around fourteen stone—a little under two hundred pounds.

"A big, round, high-domed head is black-thatched, and there's very little silver in the sable. Under remarkably heavy, black eyebrows, his eyes are black and very brilliant—almost Oriental.

"His face is large and roundish, and pleasantly pink, like the faces of most Britishers who live well and keep in reasonably good condition. He is smooth-shaven, with one of those assertive and truculent beards that demand castigation twice a day."

A HUGE plan of conquest will be the program as long as the militarist party is on top in Japan, Commander Kenworthy claims. That plan has five phases, which he lists as follows:

"The first has been accomplished with the seizure of all Manchuria.

"The second is in process of accomplishment. It is the seizure of Shanghai, Nanking, and the Yangtze Valley.

"The third will be the occupation of Canton and its littoral.

"The fourth will be the seizure of Indo China.

"And the fifth will be the conquest of India."

A magnificent "jumping-off place" for the domination of all Asia is afforded to the Japanese by Manchuria, which also gives them an outlet for surplus population, and immense treasures in natural resources, says Commander Kenworthy. He continues:

"Second, it is necessary for her to occupy the great Yangtze Valley in order to dominate Chinese trade and commerce, and to give her an entering wedge for the conquest of all China.

"Third, she will eventually seize Canton and South China, and advance westward toward French and British possessions.

"Fourth, she will be in a position, militarily and economically, to seize Indo-China from the French. Finally, she will advance upon India—upon which she has had her eye for many years."

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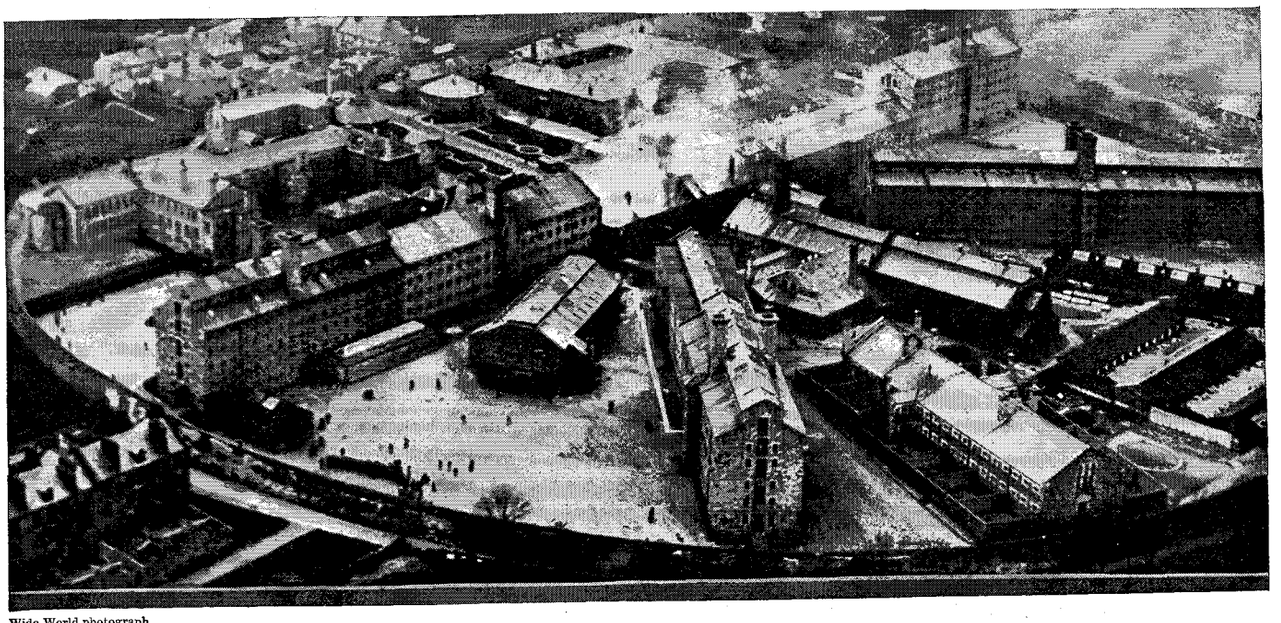

Wide World photograph

Dartmoor—Where a Prison Mutiny Startled All England

Spectacle from the air of the blazing center block of Dartmoor prison when 300 convict mutineers battled desperately with knives, iron bars, and stones against shooting warders and charging police for possession of the prison.

The Prison Mutiny That Was Like a Movie

MORE LIKE AN AMERICAN FILM than a British prison scene.

That's what the London *Daily Express* and other English papers now arriving think of the mutiny at Dartmoor.

The lurid picture of nearly three hundred convicts battling desperately with knives, iron bars, and stones against shooting warders and charging police for possession of the prison, while the main building blazed over their heads, and guards fired from the walls on men attempting to escape, makes the London *News-Chronicle* remark that the astonishing news from Dartmoor would create no more than a mild surprize if the scene were laid in America, where violent outbreaks of this kind seem to have been rather common lately.

The London *News-Chronicle* records the event in staccato style:

BREAKFAST TIME: Renewed complaints about porridge.
NINE-THIRTY: Mutiny begins. Boos and "Red Flag" singing instead of church parade.
Warders rushed.
Warders open fire.
Convicts attack warders and seize office keys.
Records office and other offices seen in flames.
Telephoned SOS to police at Plymouth and Exeter. Firemen also summoned from Plymouth.
Police dash in cars and charabanc.
Governor of prison, Capt. S. N. Roberts, attacked in office.
Warders stationed on walls to prevent escapes.
A few convicts surrender.
Clock tower and central building blazing.
Panic-stricken women in Princetown warned: "Go home and lock yourselves in."
Police arrive and make baton charge; warders still firing with buckshot; convicts throwing huge stones and attacking with bars of iron.
Pitched battle in yard lasts fifteen minutes, wounded convicts and warders lying on ground.
Convict shot on roof: crashes sixty feet.
ELEVEN O'CLOCK: General surrender.
Convicts lined up and searched. Roll-call.
Marched to cells.
Fire still being tackled by brigade.

That the trouble was expected appears from semiofficial statements from police sources, the London *Daily Telegraph* notes, adding that from unofficial reports it has been learned that attacks on warders had occurred recently, and that it was common gossip outside the prison that unrest was imminent.

Dartmoor Prison, near Princetown, in the desolate, bleak, foggy moors, dates from the Napoleonic Wars, and is full of awkward corners, multitudes of doors, which have to be locked and unlocked, and gloomy passages.

AN "Ex-Convict" confesses in an article contributed to the London *News-Chronicle* that he knows American and South African prisons, and several in England, and it is his expert opinion that Dartmoor is "the dreariest of all." He tells us further:

"Dartmoor can be summed up in half a dozen words: fog, rain, cold, hollow corridors, tolling bell, the ringing of chisel on stone in the sheds and quarries.

"There is usually bread to spare, which accounts for Dartmoor's one bright spot: the jackdaws.

"Prisoners put crums for them on the window-ledges, and they come in hundreds, some right into the cells, where they feed from the hands of the men, who make pets of them. Many a Dartmoor prisoner has been saved from suicide or insanity by those jackdaws."

THE official report to the British Home Office on the riot at Dartmoor on January 24, we learn from London press cables, announces that the outbreak had not been due to any recent change in the prison administration in the direction either of severity or leniency.

Dartmoor is not a suitable place for the confinement of prisoners of the dangerous modern type, according to the Report. Also, it is claimed the prisoners had no substantial grievances, and that only a small number of them joined in the rioting with murderous intentions.

It is also pointed out, we read, that Dartmoor is a prison unpopular with officials because it is isolated, and far from any large town.

Some officials, it was said, consider it a "great punishment" to be sent there for duty "because the surroundings and the place are terrible," and in two fairly recent instances officers of other prisons who were suspected of breaking rules were transferred to Dartmoor.

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The Immortal George in Drapery and Dinner Plates

HOUSE FURNISHINGS MAY tell the story of our patriotic sentiments this year.

The Washington Bicentennial has brought into vogue appropriate drapery, upholstery materials, tableware, wall-papers, all picturing the deeds of the Father of His Country, and, of course, demanding the accompanying furniture and accessories that found favor in the opening days of the Western Republic.

When we go back to Federal American decorations, we run upon "double first cousins to the eighteenth-century English designs," points out Elizabeth Macrae Boykin in the New York *Sun*, "yet in their adaptation and additions they have gained a distinctively American personality which we are more than usually eager to recreate in this bicentennial year."

Those who hesitate to dismantle and do over rooms for a year have this compromise offered:

"Even when we don't anticipate having any actual Washington patterns or any Federal American furnishings, we may still find ourselves involved in the celebration!

"Because red, white, and blue is one of the smartest of color combinations that we can use in decoration, now, and it lends itself to most effective use."

Mrs. Boykin tells what is provided for the table:

"A whole series of Washington plates is offered by several of the stores, and each plate in the set of twelve illustrates a different event in the life of Washington.

"Service, dinner, and dessert plates are available in this design in Crown Ducal ware, of which the borders recreate fine old eighteenth-century patterns, and the colorings include dark blue, pink, or mulberry on white.

"The center scenics show each of the houses connected with Washington—Sulgrave Manor, ancestral home of the family in England; Wakefield, his birthplace, and Mount Vernon. The leading events in his career are depicted, together with groups of his family, associates, and friends.

"Another series of service plates of interest during this memorial year is one with an off-white ground bordered in gold and centered in a scenic design. Each plate in the set of twelve has a different building historic in American history, among them Mount Vernon in a beautiful view.

"Fascinating table settings, using scenic plates of this type, might be arranged, especially if each detail should be carried out in the spirit of that period. Liberties may be taken in combining these scenic plates, however.

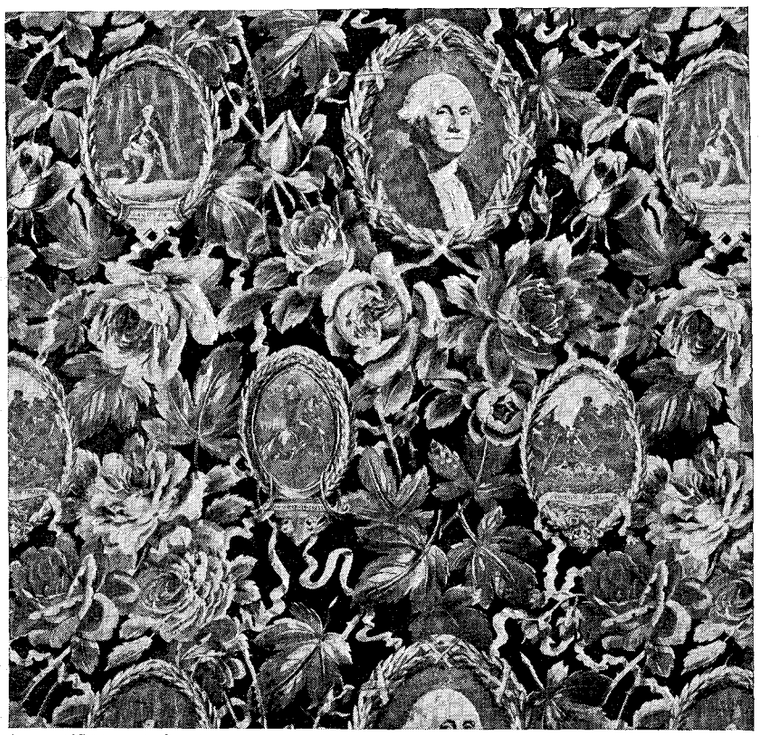
"With this last set of service plates a cloth of white damask and cobalt-blue tumblers suggest an interesting color scheme. The memorial plates in mulberry would be charming with bottle-green tumblers, while the blue plates on a white cloth, with ruby glasses, would be both stunning and patriotic, according to the mode."

A LITTLE Colonial history that will hurt no one to know is illustrated in some of the designs for fabrics. "Toile" is the word used to designate a linen or cotton fabric with small printed figures:

"One of the stores is offering a delightful toile scenic showing George Washington, liberty, stars, stripes, and other early American symbols. It comes in red, blue, or green on a cream ground, and is copied from an eighteenth-century English fabric, made shortly after the American Revolution.

"It seems that the falling off of trade from the American colonies had hurt the British merchants to such an extent that they put their heads very seriously together to think of ways to revive business. The result was a series of American themes designed for their goods, of which this pattern was one, and its reproduction now provides an amusing addition to the selection of fabrics for Colonial bedrooms.

"It is equally successful for curtains, bedspreads, or chair covering . . . one model room in the store that brings it out shows it draping a poster bed, dressing-table, and windows, while another display combines a plain tufted spread and curtains with a wing chair upholstered in the Washington toile.



Courtesy of Witcombe, McGeachin & Company, New York

The Gilbert Stuart Portrait on Chintz

The surrounding medallions are scenes from paintings of Washington's life.

"A Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington is the chief motif for a beautiful glazed chintz introduced as a tribute to the memorial. Grouped around this portrait are six other oval views of Washington in various activities. The background of the pattern is a floral allover design in rose and woody browns, and the fabric itself is a mixture of rayon and cotton which is washable, sunfast, and permanent in luster. It is very appropriate for slip-covers, spreads, screens, draperies, and cushions.

"Federal American motifs in damasks are lovely, too, particularly the wreath medallions with the eagle in the center and small stars scattered about to break the very formal and balanced spacing.

"The American eagle is a popular theme of the era, appearing often, not only in fabrics, but also in frames, particularly for the convex mirrors that contribute such decorative accents to rooms of Federal antecedents."

WALL-PAPER manufacturers, too, "have searched out memorable old patterns to reproduce," and, says Mrs. Boykin:

"The most delightful, I think, is the 'Scenic America' panel series, showing a sequence of historic views, among them General Washington entering Boston harbor on his white horse. These panels, thirty different subjects in all, suggest a very interesting background for an eighteenth-century room of American traditions or, in fact, for nearly any Colonial furnishings.

"A profile portrait of Washington, together with the shield and

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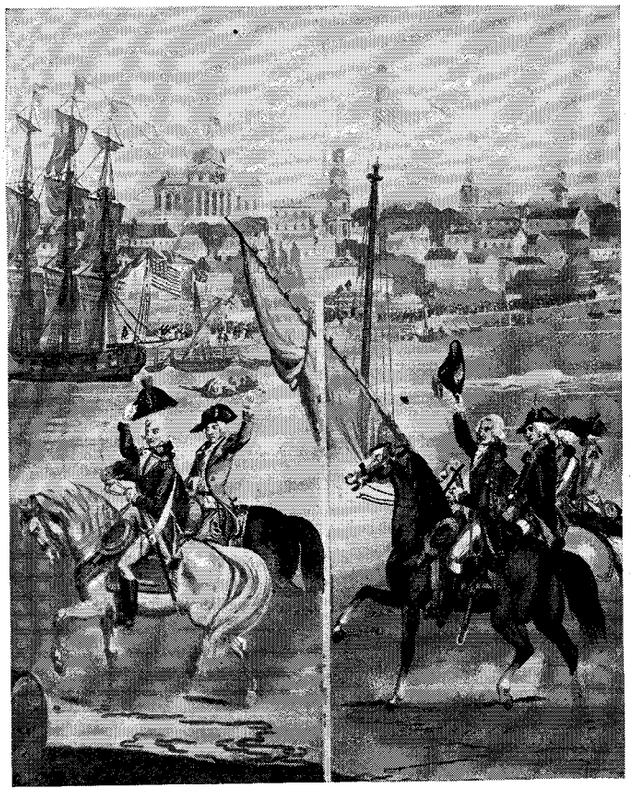
eagle, are the motifs for a pleasing paper in softer colorings and conventionalized medallion composition.

"This pattern is an adaptation of a design on an old Wedgwood tea set. Mount Vernon, a decorative subject in any medium, lends itself most gracefully to wall-papers, and it appears in several scenics that make pleasant, tranquil rooms, appropriate settings for mahogany or maple furniture. It suggests point d'esprit curtains and spread, if it is in a bedroom, or glazed chintz in solid colors repeating one of the colors in the wall-paper.

"A War of Independence design, a hunting scenic, another



Courtesy of Twin Arts Studio, New York

Washington Arriving at Boston Harbor

Panels in a series of wall-paper scenes showing many historic American views.

eagle-and-flag composition, and numerous reproductions of famous old papers found on the walls of houses that General Washington visited are also shown in wall-papers. The War of Independence and the hunting scenic both lend themselves to effective use in rooms of masculine mood.

"Furniture in the style that was popular in George Washington's time includes many of the Georgian types, Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite, often adapted more or less by the American craftsmen of the day, but essentially the same.

"The beautiful Duncan Phyfe styles are also a great American heritage of the period, and these lend themselves to versatile usefulness. Treasured museum pieces are faithfully copied by the large furniture manufacturers."

The Cover

NO portrait is perhaps better known than the Gilbert Stuart "Washington" adorning our cover.

It is called the "Atheneum portrait," the original being in the Boston Museum. In our February 6 issue, Mr. Ferris, the painter of our historical series, is quoted as saying that Martha Washington did not like this head. So it remained unfinished. But our new postage stamps will carry its reproduction to the four corners of the world.

Stuart was born at Middletown, near Newport, Rhode Island, December 3, 1755, and died in Boston in 1828. He painted the portraits of the first five Presidents, and many other distinguished contemporaries. Most of our leading historical societies have examples of his work.

Dramatic Critics, Now Will You Be Good?

"RED INDIANS ON THE RAMPAGE" is the way a London dramatic critic describes persons of the same ilk among us.

Our critics have been made the targets of a sufficiently active firing squad, including theater managers and sympathizers, among their fellow countrymen, but none have been more violent than this London excoriator.

Mr. Sidney W. Carroll, the critic in question, is described by John Mason Brown in the New York *Evening Post* as president of the London Critics' Circle, and his recent outgivings are credited to *The Critics Circular*, the official mouthpiece of the organization.

The professional behavior of our critics might be in keeping, if they measure up to Mr. Carroll's description that, "to look at, they are the weirdest set of fellows."

Perhaps he means that they do not wear evening dress.

Mr. Brown skilfully puts Mr. Carroll's general judgment of our plays first in his column:

"Since his return to London Mr. Carroll has held forth at great length in print and on the lecture platform on the subject of his impressions of the American stage.

"He found our plays 'invariably guilty of vulgarity, obscenity, crudity, criminology, appeal to mob passions, and a general lack of taste; an exposition of bad manners and bad morals.'

"But oddly enough he never seems to have found them dull. His belief is that American audiences are 'without doubt the best playgoers in the world,' and our reviewers 'little better than Red Indians on the rampage.' . . .

"'Just as their buildings, the sky-scrapers of New York, run to extreme heights, in the same way their plays run to extremes in idea, vulgarity, excessive sexuality, abnormality of all kinds; just in the same way as America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, seems to revel in problems beyond the pale, such as incest, bawdry, etc., so does the New York critic enjoy the work of playwrights and players "who go the limit" in their undertakings.

"'The moderate, the harmonious, the temperate, the thing of good taste is not for him. He prefers the freakish, the outrageous, the abominable, the product of Satan.'"

A LITTLE sugar is coated on the pill when the Londoner kindly concedes that "the theater critics in New York are a bright lot. Their worst enemies would never accuse them as a class of being dull."

He also tells his English confrères that the critics' "editors allow them plenty of critical rope. Quite enough to hang themselves, which, however, they do very seldom."

Then we come to brass tacks. Says the British onlooker:

"The majority of them are armed, not with gentle, piercing, wordy rapiers, but with verbal bludgeons of the most formidable and frightening character. They use these weapons with deadly effect. When the best writers lose patience with a play or become angry with it or any of the performers, they can be, and are, just little better than Red Indians on the rampage.

"The very last thing they consider is the sensibility of the person criticized, his sensitiveness, or any interests he may have at stake. They have almost invariably a candor, a frankness, an absence of reticence that English newspaper proprietors would consider appalling.

"I can not think of any English journal that would permit its dramatic critic such an amount of space and such license of free comment as are given to any and all of our colleagues in New York.

"They are blest, except in two or three instances, with remarkable literary ability, discriminating judgments, and the power of quickly, interestingly, and with a fair amount of accuracy, reviewing theatrical work of all descriptions from revue to tragedy.

"I am afraid that some of them appear to be more concerned with making their notices readable and exciting than remarkable for correct judgment, accuracy, thoroughness of analysis, and equitable reporting of balanced impressions.

"Most of them are experienced journalists, who evidently deem it their duty to be entertaining at all costs, and are prepared to be

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so at the expense of the author, the actor, or the director whose work they are criticizing.

"The law allows them in this respect a much greater freedom than it does here. . . .

"Life is too quick and short for the New York critic to allow him to indulge in long-winded expressions of opinion that lead nowhere. He never leaves you in doubt as to his view. There is never any 'reading between the lines.' This thing, so popular in London, is unknown in New York criticism."

What They Pay to See

APPLYING THE CASH TEST TO PLAYS now running in New York, one may perhaps gain some notion of what to see.

Variety (New York), the theatrical weekly, lists the plays earning $10,000 a week and upward.

Despite the fact that no estimate is given of the relative capacities of the houses where the plays are presented, or of the possible variation in prices, one may gather at least an idea of where the crowd goes, and also some notion of the play's popularity:

"'Whistling in the Dark'—Ernest Truex as a mystery novelist, caught in an ingenious jam with a gang of comic murderers. $10,500.

"'Cynara'—Philip Merivale, Henry Stephenson, and other pleasant players, in an animated comedy about a hero who became a villain in spite of himself. $13,000.

"'The Devil Passes'—A deep comedy by Benn Levy, illustrating in a modern allegory the debt that good owes to evil. $19,500.

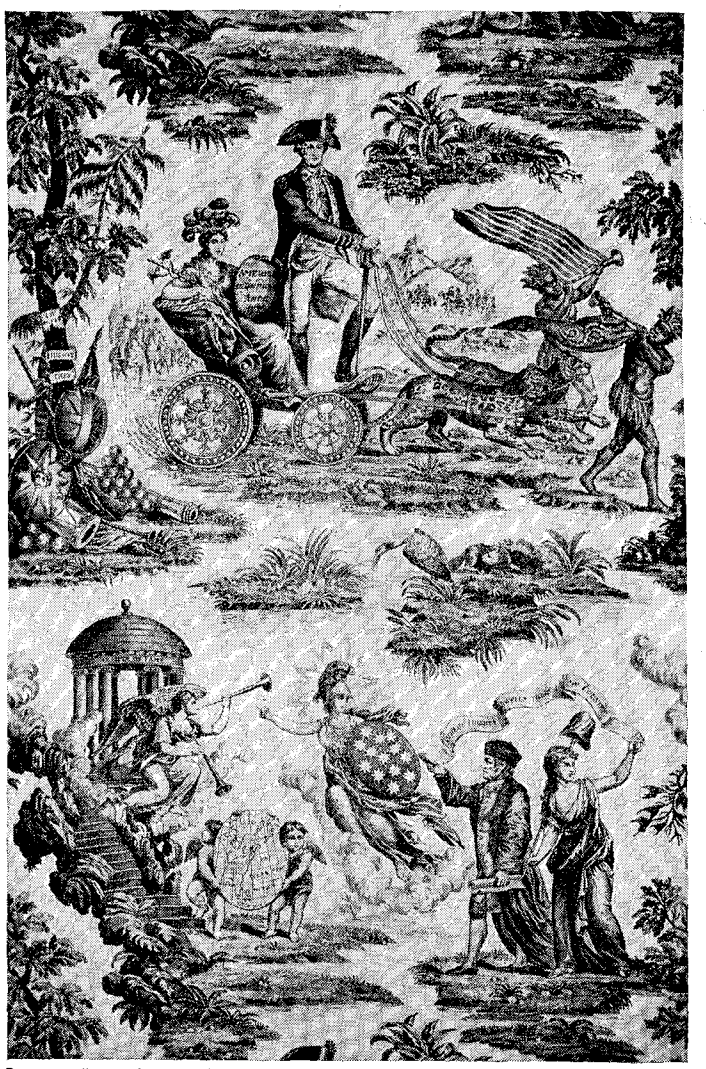
"Miss Katherine Cornell—'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' $21,000.

"'The Animal Kingdom'—Leslie Howard and a stimulating he-and-she comedy by Philip Barry. $23,400.

"'The Cat and the Fiddle'—First-class music and second-class words. $27,000.

"'Counsellor-at-Law'—Paul Muni as go-getting lawyer who cuts corners, but not too sharply, for serious retribution. $20,000.

"'Everybody's Welcome'—A Shubert opera aged fifteen weeks. $12,000.



Courtesy of W. & J. Sloane, New York

The Washington Toile

Copied after an English design made soon after the Revolution to win back lost American trade.

"'Little Racketeer'—The pretty dancer, Miss Queenie Smith, in a musical frolic. $11,000.

"'Mourning Becomes Electra.' $22,000.

"'George White's Scandals.' $30,000.

"'Of Thee I Sing'—An overflowing burlesque of Star-Spangled politics, with Victor Moore further humiliating the office of Vice-President. $30,000.

"'Reunion in Vienna'—Presenting Miss Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in a Continental revel. $23,400.

"'The Good Fairy'—Presenting Miss Helen Hayes and Walter Connolly in another Continental revel. $14,500.

"'The Laugh Parade'—Ed Wynn, the year's best benefactor, in his funniest and prettiest show. $30,000.

"Earl Carroll's 'Vanities.' $35,000."

Gipsies Syndicated!

"WHERE ARE THE GIPSY ORCHESTRAS of yester-year?"

Jazz is credited with their downfall, and these free souls are perhaps more than others feeling the pinch of hard times.

But the unexpected is happening, and the gipsy, especially in his home in Hungary, is turning for his salvation to the laws and habits of the Gorgio.

In *L'Européen* (Paris) the gipsy's plight is thus set forth:

"Since the war, they have met up with a mortal enemy in the jazz band. Side by side with wild chords, brutal syncopated harmonies, intentional dissonances of Negro orchestras, the languorous songs of the gipsies seem old-fashioned. They feel how terribly prewar they are, and modern youth thinks of them as belonging to the deluge, and worthy only of a shrug of the shoulder or a little smile of contempt.

"The orchestras of the Hungarian gipsies—do you remember their black hair, their rolling mustaches, and, above all else, their red Brandenburg vests, which set all hearts aflame?—the orchestras of the Hungarian gipsies, which formerly triumphed in the palaces of both worlds, have been forced to step aside and to accept, even in Hungary—the only country of the entire world where they are still heard with pleasure and sympathy—chance engagements, better termed, miserable engagements.

"What is more, many of them are without employment, for the Hungarian demand is not great enough to give work to the orchestras which were spread over the entire world.

"Unfortunately, the picturesque gipsy musicians are not economical by nature. They were always accustomed to live from day to day.

"In order to face the danger which menaces them, the gipsies have formed an association—who would have thought it—and they have adopted many sane regulations. They wish to establish a conservatory in Budapest, where the traditions of the masters may be upheld, and where the more gifted children can at least be taught to read music. We know that up to now the gipsies, all born violinists, never received musical instruction, and that they were content to learn by heart all of the airs on which they embroidered their brilliant and ingenious improvisations.

"But that is not all. The same associations will set up international agencies to get engagements for gipsy orchestras abroad. By using appropriate propaganda, they will also attempt to draw the attention of 'interested circles,' hotels, cabarets, theaters, etc., to gipsy music. By this means they hope to place some thirty orchestras outside of Hungary, which would relieve the congestion in Budapest. But can and will these measures offset the irresistible tide of modern fashion?

"Gipsies syndicated! Gipsies organized and provident! Who would have said it? Who would have believed it possible? Now we can also believe that the instinct of self-preservation will give the grasshopper some of the attributes of the ant."

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Conscience vs. Congress

"IF THIS BE TREASON . . ." then Congress will have to make the most of a concerted refusal to accept it as the interpreter of the will of God.

Specifically, the signers of a new declaration of independence being circulated cooperatively by the religious press declare their supreme allegiance to be to God, and say that they will not accept any act of Congress which they hold violates religious freedom.

"The Declaration of an American Citizen," as the document is called, is an outcome of the five-to-four decision of the Supreme Court to refuse citizenship to Dr. Douglas Clyde Macintosh on the ground that he is unwilling to bear arms in any war which he believes unjust and contrary to the will of God.

Roman Catholics and Protestants of all denominations are up in arms, so to speak, against this ruling, and are supporting an amendment to the naturalization law to permit those with conscientious scruples against war to become American citizens, if they are otherwise qualified.

Twenty-seven influential religious journals of the leading denominations join in a simultaneous protest against the Supreme Court's ruling and circulate the declaration, and Roman Catholic opinion takes a similar stand.

The document, to be had from any denominational journal participating in the protest, is vigorously worded.

After reciting the circumstances of the Macintosh decision, and quoting the dissenting opinion of Chief Justice Hughes concurred in by Justices Brandeis, Holmes, and Stone, the declaration reads:

"Therefore, I, a citizen of the United States, solemnly refuse to acknowledge the obligation which the Supreme Court declares to be binding upon all citizens, whether native-born or naturalized.

"I have not promised, expressly or tacitly, to accept an act of Congress as the final interpretation of the will of God, and I will not do so.

"In my allegiance to my country I withhold nothing, not even my life.

"But I can not give my conscience. That belongs to God.

"I repudiate the obligation which the Supreme Court's decision would impose upon me, and declare that the imposition of such an obligation is the essence of tyranny. I refuse to be bound by it.

"I further solemnly declare that until this intolerable restriction upon conscience and religion has been removed, I will not take the oath of allegiance upon any occasion without adding thereto a reservation of the right of conscience and of my supreme allegiance to the will of God.

"I therefore earnestly and respectfully petition Congress to amend the naturalization law so as to unbind the consciences of American citizens, and to insure that no alien who is otherwise qualified, and who is willing to be subject to the same obligations in all respects as a native-born citizen, shall be refused citizenship.

"(Signed)..... "

International

Aid to War Objectors

Senator Bronson Cutting, who is to introduce an amendment to the naturalization law.

THE text of a proposed statutory amendment, drawn up by the law firm headed by John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for President in 1924, and placed in the hands of Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico, reads:

"No alien otherwise qualified under this act shall be denied citizenship by reason of his refusal on conscientious grounds to promise to bear arms or otherwise participate in war; but every alien admitted to citizenship shall be subject to the same obligation in all respects as a native-born citizen."

To tolerate the Supreme Court's decision, says *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), "to be squeamish about raising one's voice against it, to imagine that any principle of sound patriotism is violated by incontinently repudiating it and disassociating oneself from all obligation under it, is simply to confess how fully one's mind has been brought under the yoke of subjection to a thoroughly pagan conception of the State."

THE aim of the religious press in its present concerted effort, says this Chicago journal, which devotes nearly an entire issue to the discussion, is "to inform church people that something serious and unprecedented has happened to their status as citizens, to arouse them to a repudiation of the restriction which the Supreme Court's decision puts upon their long-established guaranty of freedom of conscience, and to enlist them in a nation-wide petition to Congress for relief." It is urged—

"The time is ripe for a vigorous uprising against those post-war influences which are operating to set up a nationalistic state as absolute as that which we once imputed to Prussianized Germany, and as pagan as that of the Roman Cæsars.

"The most precious treasures of our American heritage are at stake.

"If those who believe in a spiritual religion; in a free church within a free state; in a democracy which jealously guards its most precious asset, namely, the free consent of the governed; in a living God who holds in His hands the destinies of nations—if such citizens as these hesitate to voice their convictions but bend their wills supinely to a pagan deity, the future of both religion and democracy will be dark indeed."

That Dr. Macintosh is in essential agreement with Catholic moralists is vouched for in the same magazine by J. Elliott Ross, a Roman Catholic priest connected with the Newman Foundation at the University of Illinois. He says, "both Dr. Macintosh and Catholic moralists stand for the supremacy of the individual conscience, and realize that a situation may arise when the citizen of a particular state must say with the apostles: 'We must obey God rather than men.'"

IT is obvious, maintains Father Ross, that governments may make mistakes. Therefore, "when an individual citizen is conscientiously convinced that his Government's officials have made a moral mistake, he may have the obligation of actually disobeying their commands."

The decision, then, is not only in sharp conflict with the Christian attitude, asserts Father Ross, but it is in "sharp contrast with what many born Americans thought was the most fundamental of all American principles—freedom of conscience. And born Americans," he says, "are affected by this decision just as much as naturalized citizens."

To illustrate what he terms the logical weakness of the Supreme Court's decision, Father Ross recalls that during the World War "we held that the Central Powers were wrong, and we tried to convince German citizens that they should not cooperate with a

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government committing such a crime against humanity. But whence," he asks, "does our Congress get an infallibility in declaring war that no opposing Government could possibly have?"

The issue is serious, agrees *The Living Church* (Episcopal), "and no Christian citizen should shirk his duty to think this question through and then to act."

If we do take the oath of allegiance, or if a like promise is implied, says *The Living Church*, "it becomes our moral duty to fulfil our promise, no matter how iniquitous in a given case we may think a law to be." Then:

"It follows that the Supreme Court has not only held that Congress has power to override the religious principles and scruples of the individual, but that it has power to dispense him from his scruples and absolve him from his allegiance to Almighty God. It holds that we have promised in advance to put our consciences in our pockets when Congress speaks.

"To such a doctrine we can never assent. We claim for ourselves and accord to others complete freedom of conscience as our civil right. We have not given and can not give to the State any promise to the contrary, whether express or implied."

Acme

Hell Doesn't Scare Youth

Says Dr. David S. Muzzey, so they must be taught virtue by showing that it is desirable.

If the proposed amendment to the naturalization law is adopted, it will do much to clear up the whole question of the conflict of loyalties, thinks *Zion's Herald* (Methodist). "But it is necessary," says the Boston weekly, "that Christian public opinion be mightily aroused upon the wrong of an interpretation of patriotism that strikes at the very root of genuine Christianity."

But a former fellow citizen of Dr. Macintosh, the Rev. John E. Shea, of Shawnee, Oklahoma, writes to *The Living Church* that loyalty to the laws of the United States is "a virtue of equal significance to loyalty to the laws of God." "The two are coincident," he says. "I can not be untrue to one without being untrue to the other. It is a truth which needs no argument, that if every one were to be a law unto himself, there could be no law. This is true both of Church and State."

"Monuments of Emptiness"

"WHY under God's heaven should nine-tenths of our churches be closed during the week?"

Dr. Donald B. Aldrich, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, hurled the question at a retreat of clergymen sponsored by the Greater New York Federation of Churches, a Protestant body. They were a bit startled.

"And why is it," he went on, "that the only place in the night hours that can receive people is the Pennsylvania Station? Why should so many of our church services be at an hour when many people can not attend?"

Dr. Aldrich's church, by the way, is known as "The Church of the Open Door," because for several years its front door has never been locked. He succeeded the late Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, known for his militancy, in the rectorship.

"Every other agency of helpfulness is open when the people need them except our churches," exclaimed Dr. Aldrich, as *The Churchman* (Episcopal) quotes him. "Fifty per cent. of them are closed during the week, and if you go in them, they are cold. There is nothing about them to give assurance that God cares. They are monuments of emptiness."

Muzzey on Moses

SHALL SINAI OR HUMAN JUDGMENT GUIDE US? To put it another way, should we be good because we must, or merely because human experience shows it to be desirable?

"We have to face the fact that the new generation is no longer afraid of hell, or of their fathers," says Dr. David S. Muzzey. "Science and comparative religion have shattered the old idea of 'obey or you won't go to heaven.'" The eminent historian, who is graduate professor of American History at Columbia University, was addressing the Ethical Society of Philadelphia.

"Nevertheless," he went on, as *The Reformed Church Messenger* quotes him, "the precepts of the Ten Commandments have not been invalidated. The seventh commandment, for example, is as valid as ever it was, and as essential in preserving the purity of family life."

"But our standards have been attacked in the name of trash. We have been urged to give rein to our animal instincts. Young people have been fooled.

"As a matter of fact, man's whole life is a process of transcending the lusts, hates, and greeds that come to the surface, not as an outflowering of beauty but as mutineers trying to take command.

"What is the cure? Not to try to revive the thunders of Sinai, but to show that the moral depths are full of beautiful experiences. Beauty is holiness. Instead of the old method of saying, 'thou shalt not,' the new pedagogy is trying to replace it by showing what it is desirable to do."

BUT it seems "fatuous" to *The Messenger* to believe that the esthetic appeal is universal or has in it the mighty power of "the categorical imperative." Recalling that Kant said he was filled with ever-increasing wonder and delight not only by the starry heavens above him but by the moral law within, *The Messenger* maintains:

"If it be true, as Dr. Muzzey admits, and as we believe, that the precepts of the Ten Commandments have not been invalidated, and that truth is truth, whether some of the younger (or older) generation believe it or not, what right have we to abandon the proclamation of God's will, revealed at Sinai, or to emasculate the Commandments of the Most High into mere recommendations or polite requests, which folks may 'take or leave'?

"No, if we are not weary of well-doing, we must reiterate and reemphasize the ancient formula, 'Thus saith the Lord,' no matter how many moderns may sneer at it. Surrender to the will of God remains the essence of all true wisdom."

Presbyterian Reunion

FINAL union of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and the United Presbyterian Church of North America is expected in 1934.

This is the published announcement of a joint committee on organic union, meeting in Philadelphia.

The plan specifies, we read, that the name of the union shall be the Presbyterian Church of America. The "General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America" is to be formed two years hence.

The Presbyterian Church now has about 10,000 clergymen, 2,000,000 communicant members, and an annual budget of about $60,000,000. The United Presbyterian Church has 920 ministers, 172,000 members, and a budget of $10,000,000. More than 11,000 churches, it is said, will be involved in the union.

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The Religion of Bolshevism

THE "ATHEISM" OF THE BOLSHEVIK, it appears from one source, has been too hastily interpreted by Western Christians.

They will have to revise their present idea that the Bolshevism of Soviet Russia is simply "anti-God."

Bolshevism is no less truly a religion than Mohammedanism or Buddhism or Christianity.

It has sanctions which it holds are divine; it is holy to its devotees, and it has its sacred writings.

All these statements are made in an elaborate analysis of Bolshevism as a religious crusade which appears in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* from the pen of its Moscow special representative:

"The singular narrowness of outlook of the younger generation of Russian Bolshevists—who have not had to dwell long years in exile—is shown by the circumstance that they regard atheism in its present aggressive form as an achievement of Bolshevism.

"'Science destroys religion' is the view, based upon what is deemed a clearly demonstrable principle.

"That science itself no longer holds this view, the Red Russian would not believe. For in the grim zeal of Bolshevism there is more religious fervor than one finds in any of the theistic faiths of the Western world to-day.

"Bolshevism is exposed to the temptation of despising life and humanity, of sacrificing on the altar of its dogma that freedom and humanism without which life itself is not worth living.

"In the Soviet world the son of an 'exploiter,' if this son wishes to attend a higher institution of learning and become 'honorable,' must openly repudiate his father, abandon all connection with him, and even assume another name.

"For the sake of social 'salvation' or well-being, the natural human ties must be broken. Only he who makes an absolute surrender in this style will have the strength and the grimness of purpose indispensable to the task before him.

"Bolshevism is a religion of reason."

REASON as the God of Bolshevism is an unavoidable necessity of its attitudes. Only a man who has faith in reason, who believes in the power of reason, we are told, would take over from the eighteenth century his reliance upon the might of education and training and upon the power of the unaided human race to plan a system of society rescuing the world from chaos socially and economically, a system of society that can create a new order:

"Now the peril of intellectual pride thus incurred is great.

"Bolshevism is a religion of the will as well as a religion of reason.

"If in one phase it goes back to the eighteenth century, in another aspect Bolshevism is an intensification of the energetic autointoxication of the nineteenth century.

"In this respect it contrasts greatly with the idea of the Russian man which the Western world has imbibed from literature, with the weak, indecisive, brooding creature portrayed in Oblomonoff or in Raskolnikoff, with the being dominated by Oriental fatalism.

"Tremendous faith in the power of the will was indispensable if it were meant to rebuild and reconstruct and reform a Soviet world by means of men so unprepared as the Russians.

"Ignorance of the limitations of will-power led to serious blunders.

"It was hoped in a short time (assuming the essential Bolshevik will to be active) that experts might be evolved atoning for their incompetence by their self-confidence.

"Will-power, concentrated exclusively upon the new, feels that it can emancipate itself from inherited standards, from tradition, from continuity with the past.

"Thus it becomes in a sense uprooted and overbold."

Nor are we to think that all is said by calling Red Bolshevism a religion of reason and a religion of the will.

Bolshevism is also a religion of labor:

"The strict orthodoxy of Bolshevism is perhaps necessary in order, through the storm buffeting it, to maintain the Red ship of State on an even keel and in unity of leadership and council.

"But it remains no less impossible to discuss questions of moment with a Bolshevik from any other point of view than his own narrow one than it would be to discuss those very questions with narrow-minded members of the Christian denominations in the Western world.

"The Bolshevik manifests the same sectarian narrowness that other bigots betray.

"Just like all other religious sects, Bolshevism has its sacred sanctions in writing; it has simply replaced the Bible with Marx and Engels, not omitting Lenin.

"These inspired writings have their commentators, and they are issued in 'authorized' form with great care and expense. Popular editions are disseminated widely.

"Any new theory is condemned in the Bolshevik world if it proves inconsistent with Marx or Lenin. And as from the Bible many varying views can be extracted, so from the writings of Marx and Lenin different sets of opinions can be evolved.

"Bolshevism accordingly has in Stalin its authentic and authorized interpreter of what Marx and Lenin meant."

Anglicans and "Old Catholics" United

"OLD CATHOLICS" and members of the Church of England may now sit in the same pew and take the sacrament of Holy Communion together.

A concordat establishing intercommunion between the two historic churches, which had already been approved by the Old Catholic synod of Europe, has now been unanimously adopted by both Houses of the convocations of Canterbury and York.

"It is a notable step," says *The Living Church*, organ of the High Church wing of the Episcopal Church in the United States, "marking as it does the first instance of formal intercommunion between Anglican and non-Anglican Churches since the Reformation."

As to the Episcopal Church in this country, formal intercommunion must await ratification of the Bonn Concordat by the General Convention of 1934, but as the Episcopal Church in the United States is in full communion with the Church of England, "it would seem," says the Milwaukee weekly, "that to all practical intents the American Episcopal Church is now in communion with the See of Utrecht and those churches in direct contact with that see."

The provisions of the concordat, as they are given by *The Living Church*, are as follows:

"1. Each communion recognizes the catholicity and independence of the other, and maintains its own.

"2. Each communion agrees to admit members of the other communion to its sacraments.

"3. While this intercommunion does not require from either Church the acceptance of every form of devotion or practise current in the other, it does imply that each believes the other to hold all essentials of the Christian faith."

THE Old Catholic Churches of Europe, the Associated Press informs us, are made up of those former members of the Roman Catholic Church who refused to accept the Vatican Council decision of 1870 regarding papal infallibility, and organized a separate ecclesiastical structure.

Unlike the Protestants, we read, they aimed at restoration of the ancient Catholic system rather than at drastic changes in doctrine. The first synod, held at Bonn in 1874, adopted a Catholic catechism, containing several articles fundamentally differing from the teachings of Rome, made confession and fasting optional, pronounced in favor of using the vernacular in public worship, permitted the marriage of priests, and allowed them to administer the Communion in bread and wine to members of the Anglican Church.

In Germany, the dispatch informs us, the body has more than 60,000 members, in Switzerland more than 50,000, in Austria approximately 15,000, in Holland nearly 8,000. Small congregations of Old Catholics exist also in France, Italy, and the United States, notably in Chicago.

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

DOES one pause to guess that thoughts pass beneath a beggar's rags? *The Fortnightly Review* (January) shows us a poet:

BEGGAR

BY A. R. UBSDELL

Now do I sit beside this dust-foul street,
Muttering blessings on the passers-by,
Sensing with sightless eyes the bare brown feet,
Hearing no voice, seeing no wind-swept sky.

When I was young I served the riverways,
Pulled with strong arm the oar from dawn till night,
Fought with the Hoogli tides a thousand days
Ere I could go to her, my soul's delight.

By day the bamboo stems would be her arms,
The lotus flowers her tiny jewelled feet;
By night each fire-fly told her elfish charms,
Twinkling and twisting where the shadows meet.

Or up some creek where oozed a mud-thick stream, . . .
Where silence lies and only insects stir, . . .
Through stifling hours I lay awake to dream
Till it was very pain, that dream of her.

For she was slim as Ramazan's young moon,
Her voice was clearer than the bul-bul's song,
Her henna'd fingers played love's perfect tune,
And in her eyes the luring stars did throng;

Her lips were redder than poinsettia's flame,
Her teeth than pearls more white; . . . and she was mine.
Then, none so happy to the river came,
On none more proud the envious sun did shine.

But Mata Mai grew jealous of our love,
And struck, and took her; . . . me she left behind,
But half a man, with limbs too sad to move,
And eyes, lest sight should make me faithless, blind. . . .

"Gharib parwar! Khuda hafiz!" I whine;
And only know that bare brown feet pass by,
And only know that stars no longer shine . . .
Manzur-i-nazar, can *you* hear my cry?

A HOMILY for soul-weariness, in *The Argonaut* (San Francisco):

BALSAM

BY ELSA R. WIEL

My instinct has not lied, the woods still hold
Balsam for every wound, balm for each scar;
The sunset skies still yield, from purest gold
The lucent blossom of the evening star.

Behind the campfire, through the inky firs
The moon still floats into a violet sky
And spins her argent web; a night-jar churrs,
From the dark hills whistles a kildee's cry.

Remember these, my heart, lest now you tire—
The sun-drenched tamaracks, the azure haze.
The river's gleam, the nights of silver fire,
The benediction of long, golden days—

The sweet pine-scented wind that wanders through
The little hollow where you used to lie,
The granite peaks that soar against the blue
Imperishable beauty of the sky—

Hold them against all pain, all bitter yearning,
The ache of broken dreams, all stress and strife—
Here is the source from which, each year returning,
You drink of peace at the deep source of life!

COUNTRY sights and sounds create a harmony between earth and heaven. From *The Poetry Review* (London):

COUNTRYSIDE

BY ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

A field is bordered by a hawthorn hedge,
The rounded hills are golden with the day,
The mowers swing the scythe through clover hay,
The blackbird rises from the purple sedge,
A hunter's lodge is standing on the edge
Of cloud-reflecting waters; sunbeams play
Among the birches on the bank; away
Beyond the sight I hear a sky-lark's pledge:

Affinity between the earth and sky,
A very harmony of green and blue,
A fealty in which the soil yearns up
And heaven reaches down to justify
The buzzing bee, the cricket's chirp, and you,
O golden chalice of the buttercup

WHILE at present we read of tragedy in Hawaii, a junior in the Maryvill College, St. Louis, gives us a picture of the romance of that land. In *Fleur de Lis* (St. Louis University):

THE ROAD TO PALI

BY MARY JOSEPHINE PADBERG

If I could have my wish tonight, I'd wish myself away
To a lazy little island in the sea,
To a road where I could wander till my fingers brushed the clouds,
And the trade winds sang a lyric song to me.
And if the moon were shining through the patterned pepper tree,
While silver surf lay cool on silver sand,
I think the old Hawaiians might come slipping through the gloom
To tread the fairest road in all the land:
To tread the road to Pali where the stars are hanging low,
And the languid, leaning palm trees in the darkness, bend and blow.

Sweet, Liliuokalani, hiding tears within her heart,
Is singing to the solitude her plaintive, old refrain,
Is sighing for her mem-ries and her half-forgotten joys,
Is pledging love till love return again.

And silent by the Pali in his feathered robe and crown,
Kamehameha broods upon the glory that is dead,
And searches through the shadows for his Oahu foes of old,
Who fled for life,—and perished as they fled.

And swift a lad comes climbing to his tryst upon the cliff,
Bringing golden-hearted guavas and a crown of blooming pear,
To charm a dryad maiden who is dancing in the wind,
With a pink hibiscus blossom in her hair.

Oh, ivory moon, shine down tonight on Nuuanu Vale,
And light my way to Pali in the skies,
Where my feet may tread on coral and my spirit reel with joy,
For the glory of the starshine in my eyes.
The breeze that fans the tamarinds will whisper in my ear,
Of the coolness in the slanting island rain,
Like an echo of the melody the brownboys chant at dusk,
When their gaunt canoes return to shore again.
Yes, it's on the Pali roadway that I'm longing now to be,
With the evening star to guide me,—and the winds for company.

WHO does not some time resent the chains? If one looks back too long, the ship sails. In *McCall's Magazine:*

A SHIP FOR SINGAPORE

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

A ship is sailing for Singapore—
O heart be swift and latch the door!

My fire burns bright and the shadows fall
In yellow rhythms along the wall.
My love sleeps near and her dreams are deep,
Her lips a rose that has fallen asleep.
The fire burns bright and the candles glow,
And I must not go—I must not go!

There is no peace I can know tonight
Though my love sleeps near and the fire burns bright,
For stars will call from an Indian sky
And a gold moon haunt me blowing by.
The sea's wild horses will leap and fly,
Foam on their manes and wind in their eye!

O heart be swift and latch the door—
A ship is sailing for Singapore!

MISS LAW'S "Donna Ciccia, Sicilian Peasant" (October 24) had great success with our readers, and we offer another from *Stratford Magazine* (New York):

ON A TRAIN

BY MARGARET LATHROP LAW

Who could be lonely given a train
With sun against the window-pane?
As poppies flaunt their crimson heads
In gay, apportioned garden beds,
Until the suburb pavement yields
To swallow-guarded, russet fields,
Then silvered green of cabbage patch,
And tapered poplar trees that match;
Peninsulas with opened lips,
Beyond them crested waves and ships,
Then tunnelled heights upon a peak
Which only clouds and engine seek,
With hemlock forests whirling by,
Toward snow that dents our very sky,
Who could be dreary given a train
Traversing village, highland, plain?
Untrammelled, a roving forest beast,
An arrow shot from west to east,
There are no boundaries built by man
While friendly earth spreads like a fan.

MR. FUNK'S open confession in *Bozart* will, no doubt, find many sympathizers:

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

BY WILFRED J. FUNK

The high wheel of heaven turns
With ten million shining urns,
A transcendent arc of light
In the interstellar night.

Flaming suns with fiery veils
Balance in their burning scales,
Spin their curves, and shining come
By a radiant rule of thumb:

Starry patterns, starry laws,
Buried in the primal cause,
Marshall to the cold decree
Of a bright geometry.

The mathematics of the sky
Is frightening, when such as I
Cannot with impunity
Resolve the simple rule of three.

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To Hush the Airplane

ALL SORTS OF DEVICES HAVE BEEN TRIED—and discarded.

Still the great motors roared.

Now the problem has been tackled by the chief engineer of the Eastern Air Transport lines, Ralph G. Lockwood. He has made a muffler that cuts the racket 70 per cent., we are told in the New York *Sun*, and it is to be put on all the planes of the company. It seems that the muffler's interior is in the form of a stationary screw, forcing the gases to travel an additional forty-eight feet before being released into the open air, and providing two and a half times the former cooling area of the straight exhaust stacks.

But we learn on high authority that the noise of the airplane comes from three different sources. So says Hiram Maxim, as quoted by John F. Coggswell in *Popular Mechanics Magazine* (Chicago, March).

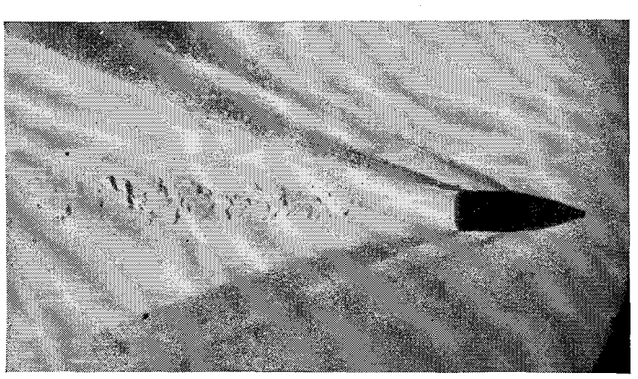
One is the popping of the exhaust, which can be eliminated by a silencer similar to that used with a gun.

The other two are the churning of the air by the propeller and a "flutter" analogous to that of a flag in a breeze.

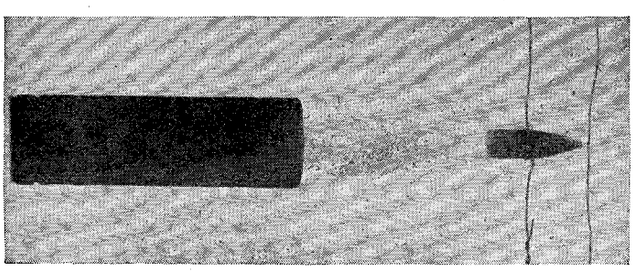
The former may be greatly lessened by using gears, while the latter will be overcome by patents now pending, he asserts; and then he promises us the silent air-liner—a consummation devoutly to be wished! Says Mr. Maxim:

"Most persons have the idea that the greatest part or all of an airplane's terrific noise comes from the engine exhaust. If this were so, all modern airplanes would be silent now, for, several years ago, I perfected an exhaust silencer that eliminates this noise and sets up no back pressure. The device is inexpensive, and weighs only about twenty pounds.

"The reason such silencers are not part of the equipment of all planes to-day is that this noise constitutes less than a third of the din that comes from an airplane in flight. It is easy to stifle the exhaust noise, but the sounds from other sources have proved exceedingly difficult to silence.



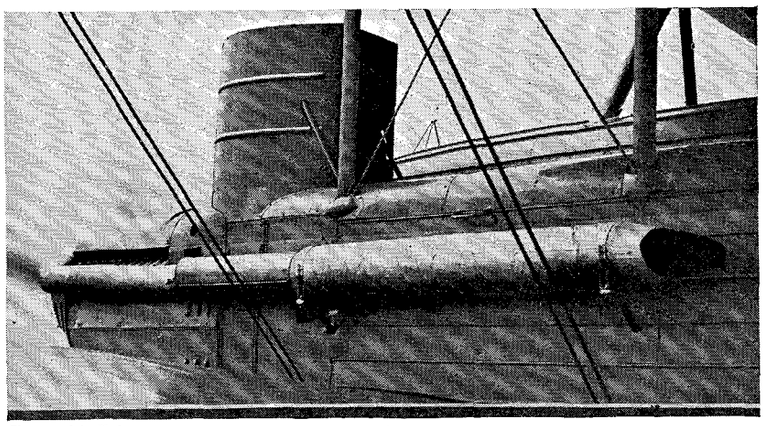
Photograph of a Bullet's Sound-waves



Photographs by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics*

Bullet Fired Through Silencer: No Sound-waves

"To understand the problems involved, it is necessary to consider some of the ways in which sounds are created. Any movement of any body through the air causes a sound. Even a wave of the hand makes a noise, tho this is too soft to be heard by the ear. The faster the object moves, the louder the noise.



Photograph by Halbran

It Makes the Airplane Noises Run Around in Circles

View of the Lockwood muffler, which cuts the motor's racket 70 per cent.

"A golf-club makes an audible swish as it is swung on the ball; a whip makes a more pronounced swish, for it can be moved faster. If the movement is faster than the speed of sound in air—1,100 feet a second—the noise becomes very loud.

"For instance, the lash on the end of a whip concluding a swing at 1,101 feet per second gives a loud crack; the crack is absent when the movement is but 1,099 feet per second. Why does an object moved through the air make a sound? Because it compresses the air before it. This comprest air expands back to normal pressure just as suddenly as it was comprest; the expansion sets up a movement of the atoms of the atmosphere, and the impinging of the moving atoms upon the ear-drum makes us hear the sound.

"We have actually taken photographs of the sound-waves created by a rifle bullet flying through the air, a sound that is absolutely distinct from that of the powder explosion. This is possible, because light-rays passing through a segment of comprest air are refracted and registered upon a fast photographic plate. The pictures were made with an exposure of one-millionth of a second.

"Now consider the tip of an airplane's eight-foot propeller, turning at 1,800 revolutions per minute, or thirty a second. The speed of the propeller tip is not faster than sound, but it is amply fast to create a pretty loud noise. Its velocity of 754 feet per second is getting up fairly close to the speed of sound. If the tips traveled faster than sound, no human could stand to be in or near a plane. Naturally, then, the whirling blades create considerable noise; in fact, nearly one-third of the total sound produced by the machine."

FORTUNATELY, we are told, it is not necessary to have the propeller make 1,800 revolutions a minute during flight; an airplane, once it is off the ground, travels just as swiftly and functions much more efficiently with the propeller's speed cut down considerably. Already an airplane has been fitted with gears, enabling the pilot to cut down the speed of the blades. This practically eliminates the noise and, at the same time, increases the efficiency of the craft. To quote further:

"The third source of noise is due to flutter, an inherent characteristic of any object moved rapidly through the atmosphere. At first thought one would imagine that a flag flying in a strong, steady breeze would stand out from the staff motionless. But we know that a flag in moving air always flutters, and that flutter sometimes makes quite a noise.

"The blades of a propeller move in a veritable super-hurricane, and the passage of the airplane through the air sets up a continuous flutter in all parts, and that makes a lot of noise.

"The fact that devices which will eliminate the flutter noises are still on their way through the patent office makes it impossible to give a detailed description at present. However, it

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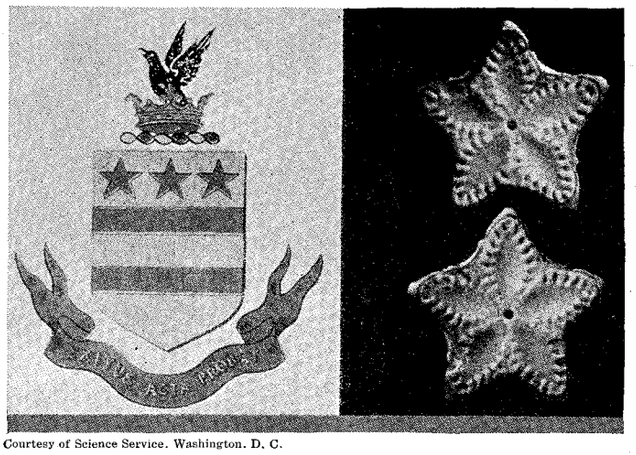
can be stated that the creation of air foils before the propeller and other of the worst-offending parts, has successfully done away with this source of noise.

"Silencing the exhaust, the propeller blades, and the flutter, completes the job, as far as the person outside of the plane is concerned.

"However, other things are necessary to make travel in a cabin plane absolutely comfortable. The building of a sound-proof cabin is already an accomplished fact. The walls are lined with sound-absorbing materials, and the windows are double and made of small laminated panes, of three layers—two layers of glass with an intervening layer of celluloid.

"Finally, the ventilator silencer, announced a year ago for shutting street noises out of buildings, has been modified for use in plane-cabin ventilators. Two intake ventilator silencers will



Courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D. C.

Zoology, Not Astronomy

Gave us the stars in our spangled banner.

be installed in the forward end of the cabin and two outlets, of the same construction, toward the stern. That airplane will be soundless to the person on the ground, and in it the passenger will be able to read or carry on a conversation with the same ease as in his own home."

The "Sound of the Aurora"

DOUBTS ON THE EXPLANATION of the so-called "sound of the aurora," offered by the Arctic explorers Sverdrup and Amundsen, and quoted in THE DIGEST for October 17 last, are thrown by Dr. J. Leon Williams of Solon, Maine.

Dr. Williams believes that the sounds in question are really connected with a special type of auroral display, and are not due simply to the friction of ice-particles in the "frozen breath" of the observer. He writes to THE DIGEST as follows:

"The early years of my life were spent in the central part of northern Maine, where in the fall and winter we often have fine displays of the 'northern lights.' This phenomenon always had a great fascination for me, and on several occasions I have heard the 'swishing' sound referred to in your article, and I feel sure that Sverdrup and Amundsen are mistaken in attributing this sound to the colliding of minute ice-crystals formed from the watery vapor of the breath.

"Here are some of my reasons for this opinion:

"1. The phenomenon is comparatively rare in northern Maine, and its appearance does not seem to depend on extremely low temperatures. Furthermore, it by no means always occurs when the temperature is very low.

"2. If the sound were caused by the colliding of falling ice-crystals formed from the breath, the swishing sound could be heard on any cold, still night, regardless of any auroral display.

"3. The sound accompanies only a certain type of auroral display. I have never heard this sound except when those tall, waving columns, with tops reaching nearly to the zenith, were moving across the sky. I have never heard the sound when this phase of the aurora is absent, and when these tall, sweeping columns die down, the sound, according to my experience, disappears.

"4. While the sound varies in intensity, it has never seemed to me intermittent or rhythmical, as would obviously be the case if it were caused by breathing."

Where We Got Our Starry Spangles

ACCORDING TO THE poet, Joseph Rodman Drake:

"When Freedom, from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars in glory there."

However, if we rely on the sober dictates of modern science, the stars in our banner are not heavenly orbs but sections of the fossil stems of crinoids, or sea-lilies, early marine animals dating from remote geological times.

According to a Science Service illustrated feature article, prepared for use in newspapers, and distributed by the N. E. A. service:

"Zoology, not astronomy, provided the five-pointed stars in the American flag and coat-of-arms.

"They came not from the heavens above, but from 'the waters that are under the earth'; and they lay buried in rocks for geological ages before men found them and made use of their symmetrical design.

"An exhibit of the ancient zoological basis for the American flag-stars, arranged by Austin H. Clark of the U. S. National Museum, was an attraction of much interest at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at New Orleans. It shows the coat-of-arms of the Washington family, bearing the three 'mullets,' as the five-pointed star patterns were called in the language of heraldry. Beside it are shown a number of small white star-shaped bits of a limy substance. These are found on the surface of the ground in the part of England where the Washington family originated, as well as in other regions of the earth, and are known locally as 'star-stones.' Regarded in ancient times with superstitious awe, they were incorporated into the armorial bearings of the noble families on whose lands they were found.

"But 'star-stones' are no more stones than they are stars. They are really fossilized pieces of the stems of crinoids, or sea-lilies, animals belonging to the same great animal group as star-fishes but less familiar to most of us. Mr. Clark, who is the author of a massive monograph on this zoological group, explains that in remote geological times great beds of these creatures waved on their long stems on the sea-bottom where now the midland shires of England are. Their matted remains were solidified into rock, which disintegrated into soil after the British Isles were raised above the sea. The bits of stem, with their five-pointed markings, were more resistant than the rest of the mass, and remained in the soil as 'star-stones' after everything else had completely crumbled."

Watch the Bottle-Labels

ONE of the commonest errors in matters of family health, Dr. C. O. Sappington of the National Safety Council states in a recent announcement, is to give a member of the family medicine originally prescribed for some one else. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"One of the children, Dr. Sappington writes, may have been sick. The doctor was called and prescribed a certain remedy which proved successful.

"Later on another member of the family falls ill from something resembling the same disease.

"The usual but unfortunate habit is to save another doctor's bill, hunt up the old prescription, have it refilled, and try to cure the new illness with the remedy which cured the old; which is precisely the way that savage medicine men handled their public-health problems, but scarcely a way that could be called suitable in a scientific age.

"The illness may be a quite different one which merely happens to resemble, to an unskilled eye, that for which the original prescription was intended. What is even more important, different patients often need to be treated quite differently even for the same disease. The special characteristics of each individual are taken into account by skilled physicians, as well as the differing characteristics of the disease.

"'Self-diagnosis and self-medication,' Dr. Sappington writes, 'may always be productive of serious mistakes. Advance is made from time to time in the healing of human ills; your doctor should be consulted if you have a sickness problem.' It is a good rule to throw away one person's medicine as soon as that person is well, instead of keeping it to use on some one else."

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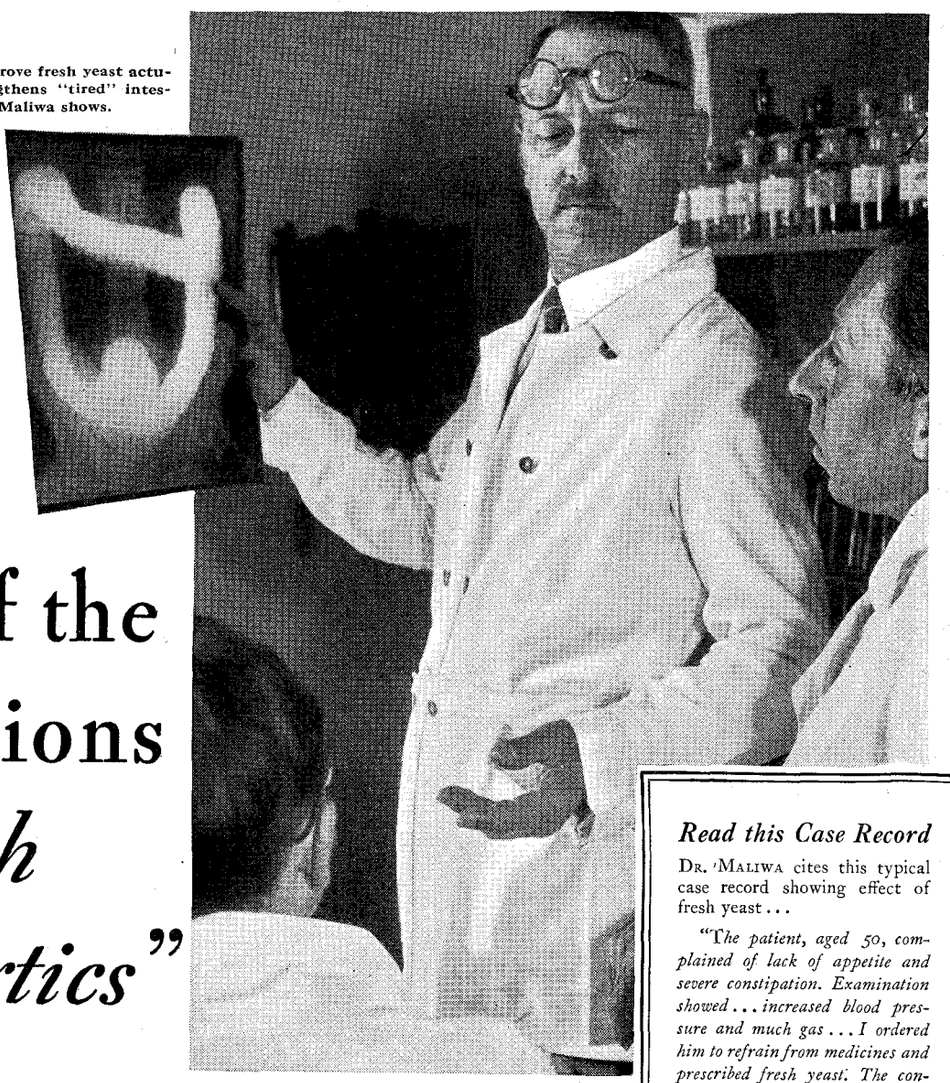

X-RAYS prove fresh yeast actually strengthens "tired" intestines, Dr. Maliwa shows.

"It has none of the Objections of *harsh Cathartics*"

—says the head of the noted Sanatorium Esplanade

"IN CASES of constipation and intestinal sluggishness . . . I prescribe fresh yeast. I prefer it to all other purifiers of the intestines."

That is the statement of Dr. Edmund Maliwa, physician-in-chief of the world-famous Sanatorium Esplanade, at Baden, near Vienna. Dr. Maliwa is the author of "Peristaltic Action," which describes the way in which the human intestine works.

"Fresh yeast," he explains, "has none of the objectionable features of harsh cathartics and laxative drugs, which weaken the condition of the intestines and aggravate constipation.

"Yeast stimulates weak intestinal muscles . . . helps renew normal action . . . increases the flow of gastric juices . . . improves digestion and the general vitality."

Not a "cure-all," Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food with certain amazing properties known to medical men.

Eaten daily, it softens the waste masses in your intestines. In addition, it supplies elements that actually "tone up" your sluggish intestinal tract.

Thus, poisons are regularly cleared away. Digestive juices flow normally again. And your whole system shows the healthful effects!

Your tongue clears—you boast greater energy—you digest your meals more easily. You are less subject to bad breath, skin eruptions, headaches, and colds.

Why not try it . . . in place of weakening cathartics, laxatives, pills? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington Street, New York City.

Read this Case Record

DR. MALIWA cites this typical case record showing effect of fresh yeast . . .

"*The patient, aged 50, complained of lack of appetite and severe constipation. Examination showed . . . increased blood pressure and much gas . . . I ordered him to refrain from medicines and prescribed fresh yeast. The constipation was entirely cured.*"

"What the Doctors say is Right"

"The least little thing would wear me out," *writes* Miss Diane Craddock, *of Tulsa, Okla.* "My whole system was sluggish.

"Some friends had been advised by their doctors to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I decided to try it, too . . . Almost immediately my appetite picked up and the tired feeling left. My complexion became nice and clear. Now I enjoy life in a whole-hearted way."

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day, regularly—just plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water. *Try it today!*

Important

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. At grocers, restaurants, and soda fountains. Rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

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Coming: The Tung-Oil Farm

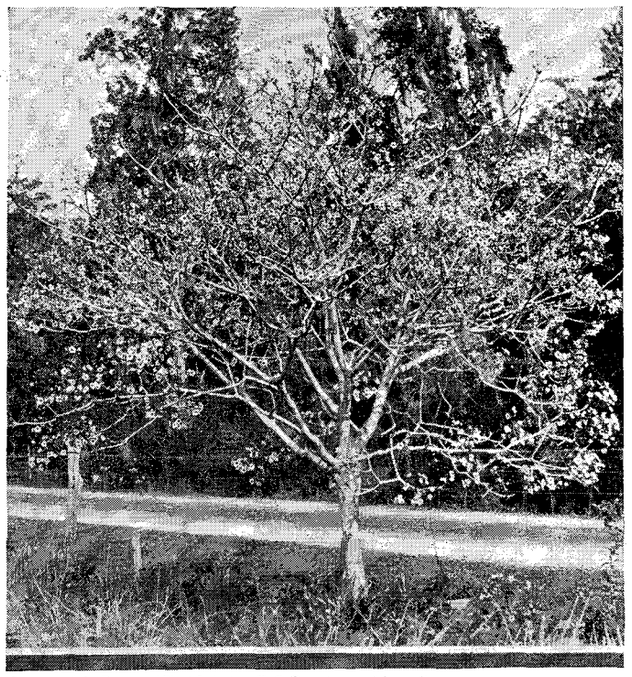
FEW OF US EVER HEARD OF TUNG-OIL.

Yet it has been one of China's staple products for centuries, and is the base of the choicest Chinese paints and lacquers.

We are now undertaking its production on the largest scale, and plantations of tung-oil trees, thousands of acres in extent, are growing in the South.

The tree is a beautiful one, we learn from *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.), and we may soon see it also in our front yards, if we live far enough south. We read:

"A new agricultural industry is passing through the preliminary stages, in preparation for the growth and manufacture of a product new to the United States.



Courtesy of the Bureau of Plant Industry U. S Department of Agriculture

A Visitor from China

Ready to give us a new agricultural industry: The tung-oil tree.

"It is unique as being one of the few scientifically planned for mass production from the very beginning, and depends for its success on the substitution of the most modern methods for the crude processes of the past.

"This is the tung-oil industry.

"For centuries the Chinese have grown tung-oil trees in a primitive way, and manufactured oil from their fruit by the crudest methods. Yet this oil has been the chief paint oil of China, and has been the basis for some of the finest lacquers, for the waterproofing of their fabrics, and the main vehicle for their paints.

"From the soot of tung-oil has been made the finest 'India' ink; the oil has been used for dressing leather, for waterproofing silk, and for oiling and calking junks.

"The tung-oil tree is a beautiful ornament; it has large leaves like the catalpa, and a profusion of white blossoms in March. It grows rapidly, giving a pleasant shade while still young.

"It is only within recent years that we in the United States have learned of the great value of tung-oil, but its introduction resulted in a complete revolution in the manufacture of varnishes and certain other important products in the paint and varnish industry. Before its advent, nearly all the better grades of varnish and of products using varnish were made from imported fossil gums and especially treated linseed oil. Resin or its glycerids (the ester gums) could only be used for adulteration or for the manufacture of inferior grades of varnish.

"But when tung-oil became available, it was quickly found possible to utilize these ester gums in combination with this new oil for making varnishes which were equal or superior in quality to those made from the more expensive imported gums. Quite recently the new synthetic phenolic resins have been developed. These are exceptionally well suited for use with tung-oil.

"These new resins, in combination with the ester gums and natural gums, have made the tung-oil varnishes inferior to none.

"The tung-oil tree was introduced into the United States by the efforts of the Office of Plant Introduction of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. This was in 1905, when seeds of the tung-oil tree were obtained through our Consul-General at Hankow, China.

"These seeds were planted in the experimental farm at Chico, California, and in 1906 seedlings produced there were distributed to State experiment stations in the Southern States, to a few private experimenters, and to public parks on the Pacific and Gulf coasts. In this way much was learned of the growing habits of the trees, and of the proper climatic conditions necessary. Yet it was not until 1920 that any intensive study was instituted; this was at the State agricultural experiment station at Gainesville, Florida.

"It has been well established that this tree will grow successfully only in a limited area embracing the extreme southeastern corner of Georgia, the upper third of the State of Florida, and a narrow belt extending only 50 to 100 miles north of the Gulf of Mexico in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas.

"During the past decade there has been a great increase of interest in the growing of tung-trees in this region. Unfortunately, accompanying the legitimate large-scale experimental plantings made by well-financed organizations, and based on conservative estimates of oil yield, other companies, whose main object was to sell stock, have succeeded in victimizing many small investors."

IT *is too soon to predict*, we are told, *how successful the investment* in a tung-oil tree plantation will be. At present the oil is low in price, being quoted at 6-6½ cents per pound in tank cars, and 7-7½ cents in barrels. To quote again:

"There is yet little information on the yield of oil expected from mature trees. The American Tung Oil Corporation reports a yield from a plantation of 220 acres planted in 1924, reported in 1929, as 17,190 pounds of oil, and considers this a comparatively low yield. At the 1930 price of 7-13 cents per pound this would give as the value of the crop from an acre only $5.46 to $10.14. However, on a smaller plot of five acres, the crop reported in 1929 yielded 336 pounds of oil per acre, valued at from $23.53 to $43.68 at the same prices.

"At present the program is almost entirely a planting program, no commercial oil being produced in large amount. Plantations of 2,000 and 4,000 acres, however, were established in the winter of 1930, and still larger units are planned for the present winter.

"On the 1930 plantations, the most advanced machine methods of clearing and cultivation were used, and the cost per planted acre was extremely low.

"In order to compete with the poorly paid labor in China, large-scale machine operations are very necessary. The one-bale-cotton-farm type of cultivation is not suited to tung-trees. The crop is not available for several years after the first planting; regular fertilization and cultivation is necessary; and the capital investment must be sufficient to wait a long period for profits."

Yale X-Rays Freshmen's Lungs

FOR the first time in the educational history of this country, we are told, a policy of X-raying the lungs of all members of the entering classes in all departments of a university has been adopted.

This measure was put into practise by Yale University as a further means of safeguarding the health of its students, the annual report of the Department of University Health states. We read in a report of Science Service (Washington):

"The X-ray films are made with a view to determining the presence of tuberculosis in any of its manifestations. All students whose chest pictures show indications of trouble are to be carefully followed during their college courses, and X-ray pictures of their chests will be made at least once a year.

"'A certain number of them should be saved from a breakdown, and a single one so saved would justify the expense,' the report states.

"Stereoscopic X-ray films were made last year of 1,602 new students. A total of 283 students, or 17.7 per cent. of those examined, gave evidence of an amount of infection potentially dangerous, but, in most cases, not destined to cause trouble."

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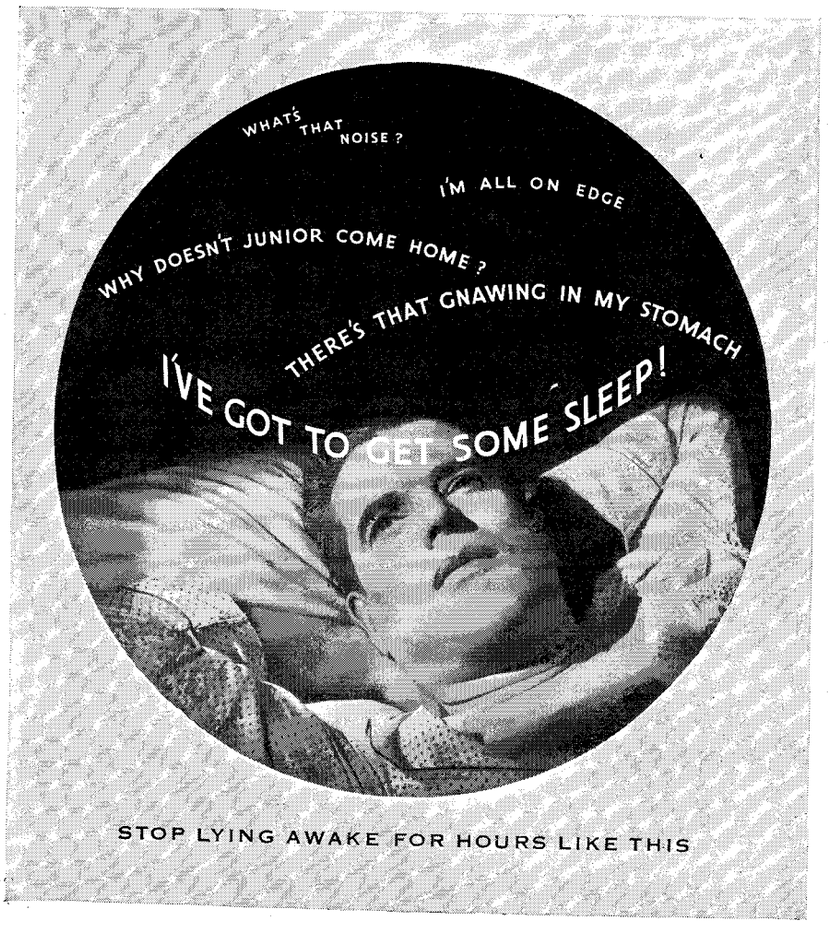
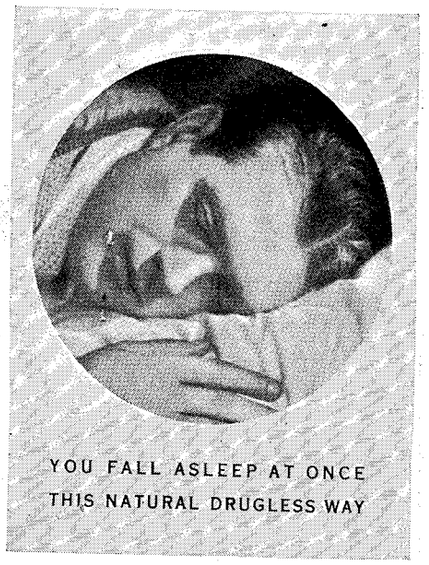
SLEEP TONIGHT WHEN YOU GO TO BED

Instantly . . *Without Drugs*


WHAT'S THAT NOISE ?
I'M ALL ON EDGE
WHY DOESN'T JUNIOR COME HOME ?
THERE'S THAT GNAWING IN MY STOMACH
I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!
STOP LYING AWAKE FOR HOURS LIKE THIS



No More Bed Tossing . . *New Energy Tomorrow*

DO you lie awake and toss at night? Do you turn and thrash, with nerves unstrung before you fall asleep?

And do you pay the price next day, with overwrought nerves—a head that aches—or a mind that's logy and dull?

If you do, take heart. For 20,000 doctors will tell you that there's now a drugless way to bring you sleep—naturally, quickly.

Deep sleep! Sound sleep! Sleep that rebuilds fagged-out minds and bodies in a most amazing way.

It's a delicious food-drink you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat—or the milk you drink.

You fall asleep almost the moment you close your eyes. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your body, your tissues, your nerves while you rest. So try it without fail.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food-drink in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly *natural* process.

Second, Ovaltine combats nervous irritability by supplying important calcium to the system. This promotes calcium metabolism and provides favorable calcium balance in the blood. Phosphorous is supplied (in its food form—lecithin), a vital element of nerve and brain tissue. A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides in easily digested and rapidly assimilated form, *all* the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food property known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight

If you're troubled with sleeplessness, don't suffer longer. That's simply folly now. Try Ovaltine this very night. See for yourself how quickly your nerves calm down—how swiftly you fall asleep.

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries . . . *Try it and see for yourself.*

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep this pure food-drink brings you—and the extra energy that's yours next day.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.***

875-S

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Selling George Washington to America

THE BIGGEST HISTORY CLASS IN HISTORY.

It has finished its homework and is ready for a recitation nine months long.

George Washington is the subject; the Washington Bicentennial Commission is the teacher.

Two hundred years ago the twenty-second of this month,

From an old woodcut

Washington Would Have His Joke

His companion, no horseman, has trouble sticking on, but the first President keeps urging him to greater speed.

George Washington was born in Virginia. In honor of the anniversary the Commission, under the leadership of Representative Sol Bloom of New York, has organized all America into a huge study group. We have been summoned—every man, woman, and child of us to the number of 120,000,000 or more—back to the classroom to learn more about the fascinating career of the Father of our Country.

Not only are we asked to review the old familiar stories of Washington. The Commission's historians, under the leadership of Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, have uncovered many new facts and anecdotes about him.

OR, to change the figure from the educational to the commercial, the Commission has assumed the task (at once easy and difficult) of "selling George Washington to America." The story of how Representative Bloom and his aides are organized to do it, and how they are carrying on is almost as interesting as the "product" they are "selling" to us.

Cooperation in this huge project has been rendered, according to a brief article by Representative Bloom in *The Review of Reviews*, by "the newspapers, the magazines, the motion pictures, the radio, and all patriotic, religious, and fraternal organizations of national scope."

THE DIGEST, as many of our readers will recall, last fall sponsored a highly successful George Washington essay contest among the school children of America.

The observances in honor of Washington's anniversary will be unlike most such celebrations, for they will not be conducted at a single place, or during only one day or week. Nor will there be any exposition, such as has commemorated many other dates in our history. These observances will begin on Washington's birthday, and will continue until Thanksgiving. A proclamation by President Hoover has set the period aside for this purpose. Probably not a city, town, or village in the United States but will conduct its own pageant program or other observance during these nine months.

AT noon on February 22, says Representative Bloom further in his outline of plans in *The Review of Reviews*, "President Hoover will broadcast an address on George Washington. He will be followed on the air by a mammoth chorus singing the national anthem, accompanied by the United States Marine Band—an organization, by the way, which was in existence as a fife-and-drum corps in Washington's time." Further:

Our plan is that by means of a gigantic radio hook-up, all Americans, wherever they may be, in this country or in foreign lands, will get this music through their loud-speakers, and will join in the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner." This vision of all our people simultaneously singing the national anthem indicates better than mere words the spirit in which Americans will pay tribute to Washington throughout the nine months.

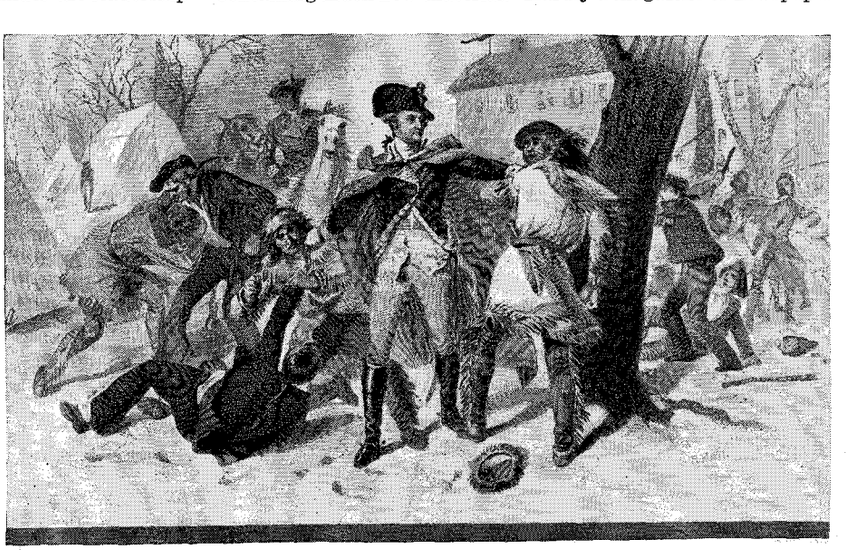
Nor is the celebration to be confined to the United States and its possessions.

It will literally girdle the globe.

Many of the foreign diplomats accredited to Washington have informed the Commission that their governments will participate. Americans resident in all the world capitals, and in many other foreign cities and towns, have set up their local bicentennial commissions, exactly as has been done by the States, cities, and towns of this country, and have made plans for their own bicentennial celebrations.

To achieve its end of making us better acquainted with Washington, the Commission has been active on a wide variety of fronts—so wide, indeed, that it is possible only to indicate them in passing.

Historical pamphlets have been distributed by the hundreds of thousands. Pageants and plays have been prepared for local ceremonies. The schools and a dozen other agencies have been enlisted. One of the most ambitious projects is the proposed publication of Washington's complete writings in an edition containing much new material. Hardly a magazine or newspaper



From an old print

The General "Mediates" a Private War in Camp

Many woodcuts and engravings of scenes of Washington's life are exceedingly picturesque, but of doubtful authenticity. Some are shown in the accompanying illustrations. They are interesting as curiosities, but we do not guarantee that the events depicted actually happened.

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syndicate but has carried an article either about George Washington or about the plans for his bicentennial.

THUS we have the Father of our Country presented as national hero, as exponent of American unity, as playgoer, as traveler, surveyor, woodsman, military leader, President. We have witnessed him in moments of strong emotion, laughing with joy or amusement, weeping with sorrow. We have considered our debt to him as a nation. We have even had him compared and contrasted with Gandhi.

As for tributes other than literary to our first President, numerous houses and estates associated with his memory are ready for travelers who want to give an historical flavor to next summer's tour.

Wakefield, Washington's birthplace, is ready for visitors.

So is Mount Vernon.

But the old farm on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, where Washington spent his boyhood, has fallen into decay, with the passage of years, we read. In articles in the Washington *Herald* and the Key West *Citizen*, George Allen England laments this circumstance, and in the Springfield *Sunday Union and Republican* Frederic Dana Hawes passes on his protest.

The Washington with whom the Commission is striving to make us better acquainted is somewhere midway between the demigod of Parson Weems and the frail human (all too human) being of the recent "debunking" movement. In other words: Neither a saint nor a rake, and gambler of limited capacity.

ONE of the best estimates of the human, credible Washington we are coming to know was written by Lord Fairfax in a letter to the mother of the future President. This letter, said to have been recently discovered, we quote from an article by James R. McCarthy, syndicated by King Feature Service, and published in the New York *Evening Journal:*

He is strong and hardy, and as good a master of a horse as any could desire.

His education might have been bettered, but what he has is accurate and inclines him to much life out-of-doors. He is very grave for one of his age, and reserved in his intercourse; not a great talker at any time. His mind appears to me to act slowly, but, on the whole, to reach just conclusions, and he has an ardent wish to see the right of questions—what my friend, Mr. Addison, was pleased to call "the intellectual conscience."

Method and exactness seem to be natural to George. He is, I suspect, beginning to feel the sap rising, being in the spring of life, and is getting ready to be the prey of your sex, wherefore may the Lord help him, and deliver him from the nets those spiders, called women, will cast for his ruin.

I presume him to be truthful because he is exact. I wish I could say that he governs his temper. He is subject to attacks of anger on provocation, and sometimes without just cause; but as he is a reasonable person, time will cure him of this vice of nature, and in fact he is, in my judgment,

First Thing in the Morning . . .

Here's How to Health!
Try a Saline Cocktail!

SNAP out of your dull spirits! Don't let a morning headache get you down—tempt you to stay at home!

Just mix yourself a Saline Cocktail! Put a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a tumbler of cool, fresh water. Let it fizz and bubble. Then—drink it down!

As a nation, we're sold on the health cocktail. Tomato juice cocktails, fruit juice cocktails, clam juice cocktails—they're great for you. But the Saline Cocktail is best of all!

In half an hour you're a new man. For Sal Hepatica cleans the whole system—gently, promptly. It sweeps out toxic wastes, combats acids and purifies the blood-stream. Constipation, colds, rheumatism, headaches, digestive disorders—all yield to this friendly saline laxative. It's a blended saline, entirely different from common salts.

No wonder that throngs of wealthy people flock to Aix, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden every year to restore their health at those famous spas! And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of those European springs.

Your own doctor will tell you why Sal Hepatica keeps you feeling fine. Then—buy a bottle. And if you wake up tomorrow morning feeling like a lost soul—take a Saline Cocktail. See how completely your dull spirits vanish in a fizzing sparkle of bubbles!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20

© 1932, B.-M. Co.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. P-22, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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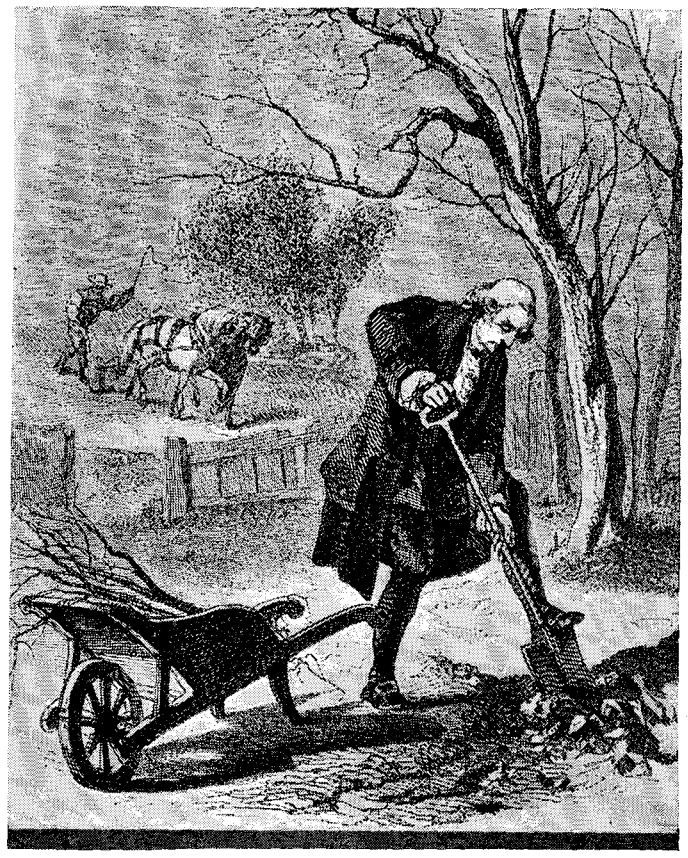
a man who will go to school all his life and profit thereby.

Representative Bloom's conception of the celebration, "in its simplest terms, was substantially this," Oliver McKee, Jr., tells us in *The Outlook and Independent:*

"Bring George Washington to the people."

Other celebrations, as, for example, the commemoration of the Yorktown surrender and the landing of the Pilgrims, had been held in one place, and the people had come to that spot in a spirit of patriotic reverence.

Under the Bloom plan, George Washington was to be taken to the people, to every State, community, and household. Plunging into the job with all the enthusiasm of his first business venture, Bloom gave up his annual vacations in Europe, stayed in Washington through the long recess of Congress, and put in twelve hours a day in a high-pressure campaign to organize celebrations all over the country.



From an old woodcut

When the Warrior Went Back to the Soil

As a successful business man, he decided that Uncle Sam must at least break even after the books of the show have been balanced for the Government.

He quickly saw a chance to make a handsome profit, through the sale of stamps, for Bloom knows human nature, in its acquisitive as in its other aspects. Granted that public interest could be awakened in the celebration, he knew that stamp-collectors and others would rush in by the thousands to buy these stamps.

His calculations were sound. On the first day's sales alone, post-office officials estimate that the Government will make a profit of a million and a half dollars, more than enough to cover the total expenditures of the Commission.

On millions of these stamps the Government has had to furnish no service, for the collectors, after getting them postmarked, have put them back in their pockets.

BLOOM'S ideas have come thick and fast, according to Mr. McKee. "I have a standing reward of $500 for any one to give me an idea about George Washington which we are not already using in some form or other," he boasts. As a result—

Into his office file an unending procession of heads of departments, minor employees, concession-hunters, job-seekers, and those who have knocked at the door merely to see what it is all about. He is proud of the open door, he eschews the inner sanctum, inaccessible to the outsider, favored by so many high-powered executives.

A glance at him as he works will indicate as well as anything else the scope of the celebration.

One minute he will dictate a letter suggesting that Charlestown, West Virginia, put on a special celebration because that city was founded by Charles, a brother of George Washington. He rings up his friend, George M. Cohan, on the long-distance 'phone, and gets him to promise a special bicentennial song, now published, "Father of the Land We Love."

He signs a contract for the manufacture of replicas of the Nollekens bust of Washington, and then arranges for radio speeches on Washington in every large city. Surveying next the national field, he picks out a list of men and women as head-line speakers for the key celebrations.

He arranges with the Society of Landscape Architects for an authoritative booklet on Colonial gardens, and then outlines to the next visitor his plan to place a picture of George Washington in every schoolroom in the country. "And I mean every room," he emphasizes. And so on.

EARLY in the day, Bloom conceived the idea of using the Post-office Department to assist him in carrying the celebration to every American community, we are informed as Mr. McKee's account in *The Outlook and Independent* runs on:

By request of the Commission, Walter F. Brown, Postmaster-General, asked every postmaster in the United States for complete information on his respective community:

The names of its schools and their teachers, churches and pastors, patriotic, civic, commercial, and other organizations, together with a list of "leading citizens."

Bloom has used the data thus obtained to form local committees in practically every community in the country. With the data furnished by Uncle Sam's postmasters, Bloom has prepared a card catalog, which has now become one of the Commission's most valued assets. If there is a post-office in it, Bloom can tell in two minutes more about that particular town than the Census Bureau or the local Congressman.

No wonder that a Republican Congressman whispered to the writer, a bit apprehensively: "I wonder whether the Democrats or the Republicans will get Sol Bloom's card catalog after the celebration is over!"

By way of statistical diversion we find that the Commission is in actual contact with 990,000 organized groups of people, with a total membership of 155,000,000, or 25,000,000 more than the population of the United States. The excess, of course, is due to duplicate membership.

These organizations include 232,000 churches, 190,000 fraternal, patriotic, and civic organizations, 365,000 schools, 91,000 rural organizations, 46,000 Boy and Girl Scout posts, and some 65,000 miscellaneous organizations.

Bloom has contacted the leading citizens in every village and town, recruiting most of his local commissions through his card catalog. He tells each local committee how it can best celebrate the Bicentennial. If desired, he lays before them a complete form of celebration; if, again, the local commission wants a special pageant, Bloom's pageant expert will write it for them.

From an old woodcut

Young Washington Crossing the Allegheny

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How to Get Hurt

A GERMAN thief was escaping through a skylight with a string of sausages stolen from a butcher. He slipt, caught the string of sausages on a spike, and was strangled by his booty.

A New York City policewoman was sent to a hospital after being run down by a youngster on a kiddie-car, continues a writer in *The American Weekly*.

Passengers in an airplane were badly frightened by a tiger. An Arkansas man was kicked by a mule that jumped into his automobile.

These are just a few of 1931's strange accidents, reported to government departments, insurance companies, and accident-prevention agencies. Reading on:

The usual quota of individuals swallowed their false teeth, and were shot by mistake for rabbits or other animals, and were killed or injured when insects stung persons in charge of automobiles.

Adding to the hazards of golf, an African enthusiast was attacked on the links by a hippopotamus, and several people were killed or injured by golf-clubs or flying golf-balls.

To balance the golf account, the statistics of 1931 record one golfer who was aided in his score by an earthquake, a shock coming along at exactly the right instant to roll a hesitant ball into the cup and lower by one the number of strokes needed for that hole.

One similar instance of good luck was not so fortunate, for the year's records include the case of a San Francisco citizen who drew a perfect hand at pinochle and was so startled when he looked at it that he dropt dead from heart-failure.

The incident of the tiger in the airplane happened over the English Channel, only a few weeks ago, when a young animal being shipped from Belgium to a circus in London escaped from its cage and emerged enthusiastically into the cabin. Fortunately, the tiger's trainer also was a passenger. With considerable presence of mind, the trainer let the tiger cling to him and struggled back into the open cage and slammed the door, with himself and the tiger inside. The rest of the air voyage was made with tiger and trainer in the same cage and the rest of the passengers outside. Fortunately, neither trainer nor tiger came to any harm.

Less happy were the experiences of Mrs. Elizabeth Tower, of Concord, New Hampshire, and Mr. James Evans of Chicago; both suffered severe automobile accidents, one of them fatal, when stung by a bee while driving. A wasp-sting caused the death of an elderly man in Springdale, Arkansas, and the telephone industry reports as one of the year's curious accidents in that business the injury of a supervisor who was stung on the lips by a hornet which happened to be inside the telephone mouthpiece when the victim spoke into it.

From El Dorado, Kansas, comes what probably is the year's most curious accident involving insects. A farmer near that town was shearing a mule. Suddenly a bee stung the mule so that the animal kicked. The kick happened to catch the shears which the farmer was using, one blade of these was driven through the unfortunate man's arm, and he died shortly thereafter from loss of blood from a severed artery.

Other accidents resulting seriously, from

Economy

...or *False* Economy

THE Doe family were driving their old car in the interest of economy.

But where was the economy? Had they forgotten the new tires they had purchased; the new brake linings; the new battery; repairs to the starter; the expense they had been put to when the ignition failed at midnight many miles from home? Had they failed to notice the increased consumption of gas and oil?

Perhaps it was that sizable towing charge that caused them to talk new car to the dealer. Or it may have been the smart new lines and foolproof mechanism, characteristic of the industry's new models, with prices equally appealing. Whatever the reason the Doe family found it more economical to buy a new car.

They discovered—just as many other families in similar circumstances will discover—that the average cost of repairing an old car is sometimes greater than the required monthly payments for a new one.

And in buying their new car the Doe family are enjoying the advantages of Commercial Credit service which is available to responsible dealers everywhere.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

HEADQUARTERS • BALTIMORE

WHEREVER YOU ARE • WHATEVER YOU MAKE,
SELL OR BUY • INVESTIGATE COMMERCIAL CREDIT SERVICE •

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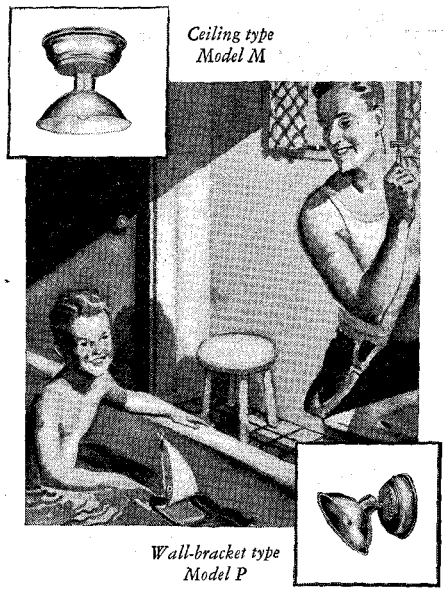

Ceiling type Model M

Wall-bracket type Model P

Summer "SUNSHINE" *for winter days*

with this new G-E Bathroom Sunlamp... only $26.50 (Installed price slightly higher)

Let the dark February days come... with mid-winter's bleak and dreary weather. You can have cheery, summer "sunshine" indoors all the time, day or night, at the touch of a switch, with this wonderful new G-E Bathroom Sunlamp!

Install it permanently, on wall or ceiling of your bathroom... up... out of the way... yet ready for instant use. Turn it on when you take your bath... and when you shampoo your hair. Turn it on when you bathe the baby. Turn it on while the children are dressing. Let the man of the family turn it on for his shaves and showers. This new G-E model is equipped with the new Mazda Sunlight Lamp, which closely approximates the beneficial ultra-violet of June sunshine, and which is as safe as the sun to use.

Your G-E dealer has it, with other G-E Sunlamps, for living room, sun room and office, ranging in price from $34.50 to $59.50. Get yours today. And send for our booklet telling you about the health benefits of ultra-violet.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E wiring system. It provides adequate outlets conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

GENERAL ELECTRIC SUNLAMP

Merchandise Dept., Section L-522
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me your attractive free booklet, telling more about the health benefits of ultra-violet.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Of Special Interest to Women—Join the G-E Circle—on the air every week day (except Saturday) at noon, E.S.T.; and for the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight" every Sunday evening, 5:30 to 6:00, E.S.T., on a nation-wide N.B.C. network.

extremely trivial causes, include one woman killed by chasing a mouse, a man who was shot by his dog, and another who owed the same misfortune to a cat, we are told as the account runs on:

The mouse victim, in Laconia, New Hampshire, discovered the invader in her kitchen, shut the door, and chased the mouse so vigorously that she presently collapsed and died. The mouse escaped.

The individual shot by his dog is reported by the safety officials of the State of Pennsylvania, a hunting-dog in the woods having jumped on the trigger of the hunter's shotgun, discharging that weapon and killing the man. An Italian at Pisa was annoyed, the National Safety Council reports, by a wailing cat. He struck at the animal with the butt of a rifle, missed the cat, discharged the gun, and shot himself.

An Industry That Was Hatched in a Hen-house

THE quiet, soft-spoken New Englander was "always tinkering." He started out as a boy with "a weird contraption consisting of a discarded lard pail mounted on pivots in the chicken-coop, an electric magnetic device, some wire, and a push button, which fed the chickens without his having to go near the coop."

And he wound up his record to date (altho probably not for good) with a clock that doesn't have to be wound up. Now he heads an industry hatched in an abandoned hen-house.

Henry E. Warren is the man who electrified Father Time for the many householders who use his well-known invention, the electric clock, James W. Booth tells us in a sketch of his personality and career in *The American Magazine.*

Thanks to him it is no longer "necessary for the world to wind its clocks. For controlled electrical energy has achieved what clock-makers from the earliest times have sought—a clock which never needs winding, oiling, cleaning, or regulating; an electric clock which can keep accurate time to the fraction of a second."

Since his graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in 1894, Mr. Warren, according to Mr. Booth, "has patented about one hundred devices."

Reading on:

His first patent, taken out the year after he graduated from college, covered his invention of the thermophone. With this device, widely used by engineers and scientists, temperatures may be taken at a distant point or under water. Its importance was almost immediately recognized, and young Warren joined the ranks of the *bona fide* inventors.

But his most important contribution was his invention of a clock which contains, instead of the usual springs and escapements, a tiny, self-starting, synchronous motor driven by the impulses of alternating current obtained from the ordinary electric-light socket.

The familiar story of the inventor who perfects a useful device, only to see control of his invention pass into the hands of others, does not apply to Henry Warren. He is the directing head of his own company, which he organized sixteen years ago when his only factory was an old red barn on the Warren farm. To-day that red barn, the cradle of the electric-clock industry, has given way to a modern, up-to-date plant.

When the idea of an electric clock first stirred Warren's imagination in the early days of the century, the kind which he had in mind was one driven by a battery His business interests were transferred to Ashland, where he purchased the 175-acre farm on which he now makes his home, and where he found leisure to devote his attention to electric timing. Once again, as in his boyhood, he began to tinker.

He was fortunate in hiring a capable farm hand who was also an excellent mechanic. An old, unused hen-house was equipped with some second-hand machinery, and the new farm hand was employed for part of the time in developing the ideas which Mr. Warren planned.

As experimental work progressed, and numerous models of electrically driven timekeepers were built, the hen-house laboratory became too small. So operations were transferred to the old red barn.

THE electric clock was finally perfected. So far so good. But finishing your invention is only part of the job of inventing. You have to make it work with other people's inventions. Thus:

The perfection of the clock did not end Mr. Warren's problems. For the timepiece at first varied as much as ten or fifteen minutes a day. Further experiments convinced Mr. Warren that it was the electric frequency of the alternating current and not the clock that was inaccurate.

At that time there were many variations in the frequency of alternating current. Obviously, the new clock had to be operated by exactly the same current whenever it was used. So Warren set to work to construct an efficient method of measuring and controlling electric alternations. The Warren master clock was the result.

To-day there is one of these clocks in virtually every large power station in the United States and in many foreign countries. Each is checked frequently by radio signals—in America from the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C. It also has a secondary hand, which, by means of a series of gears, shows the speed of the turbines generating electricity. When the frequency is either fast or slow—and a variation of two seconds is a large one—the generators are either slowed down or speeded up until the master clock's hands are again synchronized.

Once certain his electric clock was accurate and that he could build a master clock to regulate current alternations, Mr. Warren called the electric power company in Boston, and informed them that their frequency was in error. The officials at the power station told him that according to their instruments, which had recently been checked with the best standards obtainable, the frequency was exactly correct. And then Mr. Warren suggested that the standards must be in error.

So one day in October, 1916, a Warren master clock was set up in the switchboard room of a power-house in Boston. Immediately the clock proved itself to be everything its inventor claimed it to be. To-day the master clock is used by more than 400 power companies, supplying four-fifths of America's 2,000,000 residential meters.

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A Taxi Driver Who Learned From His Fare

"NOW, now," said the amiable middle-aged lady, "suppose you stop and take a rest—you'll be all right—after a little rest."

"I'm all right," gasped the taxi man.

But he wasn't, and it must have been very obvious.

"No, no," she insisted. "You pull in here, you'll be all right by and by. Rome wasn't built in a day. You've got to have patience, if you want to master anything."

The taxi driver pulled to the curb, almost mentally paralyzed.

"You say you are English?"

"Yes, ma'am—English-Irish."

"Well, well, that's marvelous," said the lady. "I go over there every year. I think England the loveliest place. Tell me, you say this is the first day for you of this?"

It was indeed Pat O'Mara's first day as a taxi driver in Baltimore. Not only that, the amiable lady, bound for a hotel, was his first fare, he tells us in a reminiscent sketch in the Baltimore *Sun* Magazine.

Mr. O'Mara, tales of whose adventures we have quoted before, admitted all this to the amiable lady, and she at once gave him a lesson in driving, saying:

"Now listen to me. The very first thing to do is forget about the other fellows for a while. Try to control yourself. You see, you started off again in that second gear—that's bad. Now put it back into first; now second, now high. That's it. Why, that's wonderful! Now don't get nervous—just keep going like that. There you are—that feel any better?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, I was much worse than you when I first learned to drive! I was much more nervous for one thing—women are, you know."

"Yes, ma'am."

I turned quickly [continues Mr. O'Mara] and muffed it again. A truck was coming at me and my feet were getting tangled up down below.

I gript the wheel and shut my eyes. Every sin I ever committed flashed before me in that brief moment. When I dared to look the truck driver was eying me inches away as my hack careened across his bows. Then he started to tell me something confidential, but checked himself when he saw my passenger.

"Take it easy, now," came the sweet voice from the rear. "Now, let me see, I think you turn here. Yes."

A moment later we were outside the hotel, and as the porter removed the bags she inquired how much the fare would be. I looked naively at the clock and read the figures out to her: "One seventy-five, ma'am."

"My, that's awful! It's never over forty cents, I know. But I suppose you'll have to pay it if I don't, won't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "This is my first day."

Then my patron smiled down on me and paid off, refusing the change from the $2 bill.

"That's all right," she said, waving the change, "but don't forget what I told you about that second gear."

Imagine days at high Lake Tahoe; in the amazing Yosemite Valley—in forests of giant Redwoods. Days on Monterey Bay's warm, lazy beaches, and on the splashing Feather River. Days when you re-live the Forty-Niner's life, and the Spanish Padre's.

Put yourself in this vacation scene!

Plan now for this California Vacation

Put away only a few dollars each week for this glorious trip

IT'S NOT TOO LATE to change your budget to include this best of summer trips! Start saving for it now.

No other place can rest you and fit you for the working year as California can. And no other vacationland will thrill you as this varied one encircling San Francisco. Best of all, the cost is no more than for an ordinary vacation!

Look at the map above. Count the famous outdoor places close to San Francisco. Think of the days that can be yours—sunny, thrilling, summer days. And cool, invigorating nights in fascinating San Francisco; nights above the Golden Gate!

You've heard of San Francisco's Chinatown and the long Embarcadero; of 1000-acre Golden Gate Park, with its sports and precious flower beds and animal herds. You've heard of great friendly hotels and celebrated eating places—Now come and see them all.

See San Francisco and play in this varied vacationland!

Put away only a few dollars each week for traveling expenses. Living costs while here need be no more than you would spend at home. To prove this statement we questioned almost 1000 visitors last year. What they told us about their expenditures has been carefully tabulated and cross-checked, to help you plan exactly.

Send the coupon below for this schedule of vacation costs and the fully illustrated book "San Francisco and Your California Vacation." Both will be sent you free, with highway Maps or low summer rail and steamship roundtrip Rates.

Tell anyone to come to San Francisco for a glorious vacation, but advise persons seeking employment not to come here at this time, lest they be disappointed.

Book of 100 Pictures FREE!

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CALIFORNIANS INC., Room 302, 703 Market St., San Francisco.
Please send me the free illustrated Book, with schedule of costs; also road Maps ☐ (or) rail and steamship Rates to San Francisco ☐

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Hunting an Alibi for This Upside Down Winter

SNOW IN LOS ANGELES.

A temperature of 69 degrees in New England.

"Massachusetts farmers doing their spring plowing in January.

"Vermont housewives gathering dandelion greens from their front lawns while Nebraska digs out from under heavy snowdrifts, and New Mexico is tortured by a blizzard."

What has happened to our weather?

Has the Gulf Stream gone mad?

Are there spots on the sun?

Or, inquires George W. Gray in an article in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, "is our weather mechanism a gigantic roulette-wheel in which chance is the only law?"

The peculiar vagaries of the current winter suggest "that it may be so." Last year "was warmer than usual all over the United States except along the southern Rio Grande border and in Key West, Florida—two southern regions that one might expect to be baked a little hotter, but which, instead, were colder than usual," Mr. Gray tells us, continuing:

Elsewhere over the continent the excess of heat above normal piled up enormous surpluses by the end of 1931, exceeding 2,000 degrees in some sections, in Milwaukee, for example, and in Duluth, Sioux City, Peoria, Huron, South Dakota, and Bismarck—yes, the identical Bismarck that has some deep below-zero notches in its blizzard-bitten past.

Such scattered Northern cities as Ithaca, New York, Minneapolis, Salt Lake City, and Spokane, stewed through the hottest days of their history in 1931.

New York, always famous for lavish spending, hoarded 1,053 degrees of surplus heat, while Philadelphia, even more frugal and provident, stored up 1,374 degrees.

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The Older Generation Looks at Modern Conditions
—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

And now it's turning out to be a gentle winter in the East, tho a wild 'un in the West.

Ice-harvesters on the New Jersey lakes, accustomed to a profitable cutting in January, have had to loaf most of the time. Lumberjacks in Canada lost their jobs because there's no snow for log-hauling, and in Nova Scotia, instead of a freeze, came a flood.

Robins showed up in Toronto, a grasshopper is reported to have hopped in Ontario, and in Pennsylvania snakes crawled out of their winter beds to greet the spring—on January 14!

That same day, boys went swimming in Lake Erie; next day, snow fell in Los Angeles, and rescue-cars plowed through the drifts to snowbound settlements in New Mexico.

In Boston, a woman was overcome by the heat, and a few hundred miles out on the Atlantic Ocean, liners battled through gales and wrestled with waves fifty feet high.

"Is it possible," asks the writer, "to resolve this crazy-quilt pattern of effects into any sure system of determinable causes, so that we may know what to expect of the weather a reasonable time before it hits us?"

What a golden age that would usher in!

Think of it!

We'd know whether to wear our white pants, and whether it was safe to set the date for the picnic, and family arguments over whether or not overshoes should be worn in the morning would be a thing of the past.

Well, it develops, according to Mr. Gray, that the scientists are working to bring this happy state of affairs to pass.

For example, Dr. Charles G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, thinks that long-range weather forecasting is possible. And he tells us why as we read on:

Dr. Abbot's specialty is the sun. For thirty-odd years he has been studying it, training up young men at the Smithsonian to study it as Langley trained him, and sending his disciples to far-away mountain-tops to record the torrent of its outpouring energy. It is only in cloudless, dustless, elevated places, where the sun's rays arrive with the minimum of absorption, that these delicate measurements of the solar constant of radiation can be carried on effectively.

These studies have convinced Dr. Abbot that the "solar constant" is not constant. The sun is a variable star. He finds its variations recurring in rhythm, and by means of this regularity he has been able to predict them months in advance. These studies of the solar cycles led him to look for terrestrial cycles also, with the result that he finds an apparent rhythm in the weather corresponding to the rhythm in the sun.

It is a startling announcement. The discovery may prove to be the most revolutionary advance in the whole history of meteorology. For, if the weather on the earth recurs in a pattern which reflects changes in the sun's radiation, and if the solar changes are predictable months in advance, it follows that weather on the earth is predictable months in advance.

But these solar cycles land us in pretty deep water, scientifically—deep as the Gulf Stream, to which most amateur observers are turning for an explanation of this winter's pink-tea weather.

Some spare-time meteorologists would have you believe that the Gulf Stream is on a rampage. But such an explanation fails to satisfy those who specialize in such matters.

Ama Barker interviewed James H. Scarr, New York forecaster and one of these specialists, as we read in the New York *Daily News:*

Does Weatherman Scarr think the Gulf Stream should be thanked for winters that have been warmer each year since 1926? He does not.

First, because he pays no attention to the stories about how the Gulf Stream is going places it's not supposed to be.

Second, because he maintains that we get our brand of weather from the West, and the Gulf Stream couldn't do more than give us cozy, warm breakers if it came right up to Coney Island.

Then what is the reason for a winter with only a few crusts of ice and no snow worth shoveling?

"The storm track is farther to the northward than the normal storm track," Weatherman Scarr explained, "leaving New York south of the storm track, this winter, and giving us southerly winds, because all winds blow toward the storm track."

"Why has the storm track been moving farther north?"

But at this point, "Scarr threw up his hands," we read. And that seems to be the end of most attempts to reach the bottom of the question: How did winter get this way?

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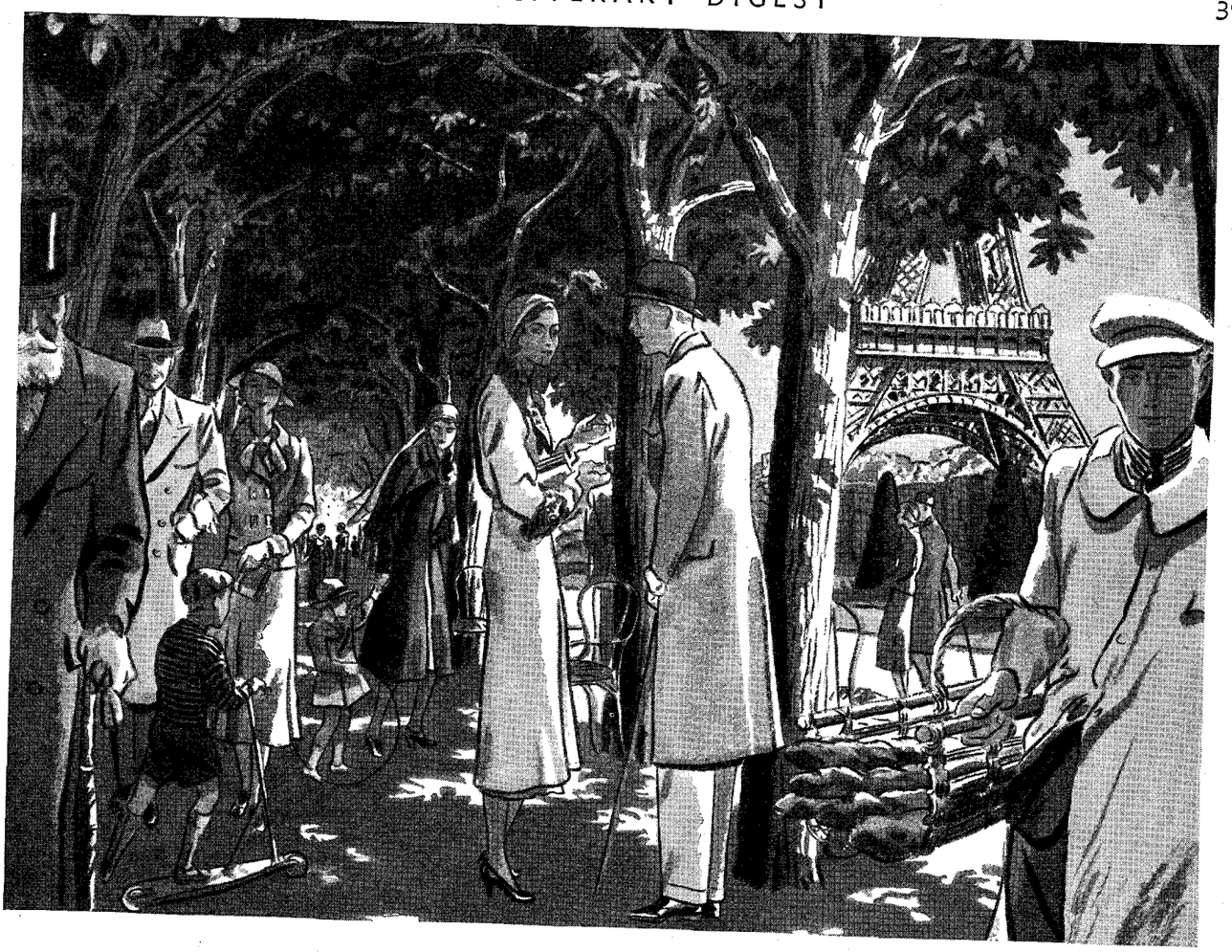

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NEVER has Paris been so bright and sparkling! Never has France been more varied in its moods and offerings, more charming in its vivaciousness, more rich and wholesome in its humanities! Nowhere is civilized living so cheap in dollars!

After all, the money you make or lose in business means nothing but hopes fulfilled or opportunities lost forever. Open your ears to the siren-call of the *Ile de France*, the *Paris*, the *Lafayette*, as they slip serenely down the bay and out into the sea-lanes that lead to France.

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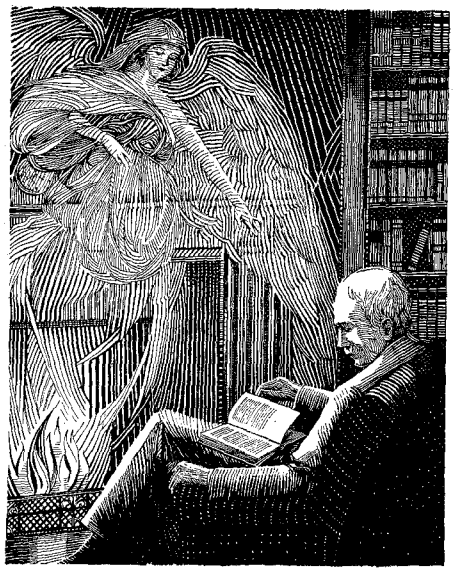

"Listening Love Can Hear the Rustling of a Wing"

REASON denies the victory to the grave and symbolizes its denial by according to the mortal part the tribute of protection and of beauty. Man's mastery over matter lifts the burden of horror from those who mourn, supplanting the crude methods of the past with the loveliness and protection of the

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The distinctive architectural lines of the Cryptorium, harmonious with the trend in modern casket design, its lustrous finishes in colorful enamel or metallic bronze embossing, its planetary dome and shell-shaped ends and its Imperial hardware add dignity and solace to the rites of interment. Yet the Cryptorium adds but little to the cost of mortuary service.

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It explains how Cryptorium interment protects as completely and positively as mausoleum emplacement above ground. It should be read by the person who makes the decisions at times of family crisis. Write for your copy.

THE GALION METALLIC VAULT CO.
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Please send a copy of the book referred to in the Literary Digest, February 20, 1932.

Name_____

Address_____

A Transatlantic House-Mover

TWO hundred and fifty pounds for Shakespeare.

A hundred and fifty for Henry VIII.

Less than a hundred for good Queen Bess.

But only fifty for John Masefield, the present Poet Laureate.

To elucidate: If you are going to buy an English house, and have it shipped piece by piece to America to be set up again, the sums above will be added to the purchase price if the house in question has any connection with the individuals named.

Moving houses from England to America is a business, and one of the leaders in it, according to an account in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Magazine, is a plump, calm-faced Englishwoman, Miss Amy Adams, "who divides her time between New York and England." She has what is "undoubtedly one of the world's most unusual occupations. She *is* an antiquarian, which is not particularly remarkable. But her specialty is transporting old English cottages from their ancient resting places to the United States, where they are again set up to grace the estate of some antique-lover who wants the authentic flavor of Old England."

Every business has its technique, and transatlantic house-moving is no exception, as a review of Miss Adams's methods will show you. You must be prepared to pay as much for associations as for materials, for example, we learn as we read on:

Would you like a cottage of lovely Tudor or "Anne Hathaway" design, actually built by Henry VIII's carpenter—who was knighted for his artistry?

Would you like the cottage, which also served as a smithy, where, legend has it, Dick Turpin, the dashing highwayman, paused to have his horses shod?

Or does your taste run toward more genteel traditions, and the cottage where Henry's daughter spent part of her youth before being called to rule England as Queen Elizabeth?

If you hanker for any of these rarities, and the depression hasn't cramped the hand with which you write checks, Miss Adams can satisfy your wants. The cost of acquiring one of these antiques varies with the importance of the historical associations, but some of the smaller cottages, and ones less richly endowed with tradition, can be delivered to you in New York, or anywhere else, for as little as two or three thousand dollars.

Each beam, stone, brick, and roof-tile will come carefully packed, accompanied by a blue-print of the plans. You can have the parts shipped then to the place you want the cottage erected, and your own architect or builder will reconstruct it for you from the plans.

There seems to be no guesswork about it, for it's been done successfully a number of times.

One of these architectural importations is now on the estate of Carl Weekes of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Other Americans who have imported cottages are Livingston Platt of New York; Walter Stemler of Pelham Manor, New York; and Carroll Bill of Boston. Another cottage is serving quite

SEE ENGLAND WITH US

This way, American friends, this way to see this great England of ours. How your hearts will thrill to the historical associations of Eastern England. Take York for example. See it in the afternoon of an English Summer with the rosy glow of the setting sun tinting the Minster towers with unimagined loveliness. Then go *inside* the Cathedral — and marvel. Walk through the quaint old streets and along the encircling walls. Then let us take you across the Yorkshire Moors and to Harrogate, Britain's foremost Spa with the lovely ruins of Fountains Abbey close by. As you journey further North, Durham Cathedral perched high over the River Wear will arrest and hold your attention. It reminds one so much of a mediaeval fortress challenging the elements except perhaps it is too beautiful. Observe the rugged beauty of this East Coast of ours with its old-world fishing villages and modern seaside resorts. Oh, no! we have not mentioned all our pet places for we have Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, Norwich, and Cambridge which we describe in our booklets. Write for our new booklet and let the natural color views convince you.

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AMERICA'S TOMORROW
An Informal Excursion Into the Era of the Two-Hour Working Day
By C. C. FURNAS, Ph. D.
Associate Professor of Chemical Engineering, Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. Introduction by Merle Thorpe, Editor, "Nation's Business"

A brand new—a startling book. The author has surveyed and measured the great achievements of the day and has fitted them into a vista of what we may expect will develop to affect our entire lives—political, industrial, financial, recreational, and working.

Provocative of Thought

"Provocative is the adjective that describes this book. Nothing this reviewer has read since Bertrand Russell's "Prospects of Industrial Civilization," away back in 1926, has been so provocative of thought. But Furnas's book has the advantage that there is a chuckle on every page, as well as a stimulating idea. It's a book you don't lay down until you've finished it."—*W. H. H. in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

All Bookstores, $2.00; or $2.14 post-paid from
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appropriately as a museum for ancient armor in New Jersey. And several are in the process of reerection on the sloping hills of Connecticut.

Altho Miss Adams will acquire for you any type of cottage you may want, her specialty is cottages of rare line and design built by John Able—afterwards Sir John. These cottages were ordered by King Henry from Able, then the royal carpenter, for his followers and retainers. These cottages abound in Herefordshire and Gloucestershire, favorite sections of the nobility in those days. Able executed his King's commands with so much skill and attention to beauty and line that he was later knighted. These Tudor cottages which won Able his knighthood are now famous for their charm.

"But who wants to live in a cottage centuries old, a tumbledown shack that must be literally falling to pieces?" you may ask. Hear Miss Adams set you right:

"Invariably I find Americans surprized to learn that these cottages not only stand, but that most of them are still occupied, and have been since their erection. Age has hardened the ax-hewn oak beams and increased their endurance against the elements. Even the Elizabethan tiled roofs are in excellent repair, and even when that isn't the case, the original tiles are usually carefully preserved for restoration.

"I am often asked how I decide the value of a cottage," she continued. "This is very simple. There is a definite scale. For instance, if Henry VIII has had any connection with the property, that adds up to a hundred and fifty pounds to the price. Queen Elizabeth means under a hundred. Shakespeare tops the list. Two hundred and fifty is a usual addition.

"The connection may be the slightest. There is a delightful legend that Henry was so charmed with an old woman who treated him with herbs stewed in the water from a local well, after his hunting accident, that he promptly made her a gift of the property where the well was situated, and also gave her some of the cottages built by Sir John Able—which he had confiscated for the purpose!

"Any cottage in Herefordshire, where the poet John Masefield was brought up, and with which he has been associated, has a real value, and adds at least fifty pounds to its worth. My best find here was a cottage which had both a Masefield and a Henry VIII association."

As one might suspect, the finding and authentication of desirable cottages entail considerable effort and knowledge.

How Floating Power Is Floated

IN our January 23 issue, in the article headed "What the Automobile Manufacturers Offer You," the item referring to the Plymouth automobile, on page 40, needs revision.

In describing this car, the word "full" was used before "floating power." This feature should not be so described, inasmuch as floating power is the name of an entirely new type of motor mounting. This motor has but two points of suspension, allowing the engine to rock freely, dissipating reaction to the power impulses and eliminating vibration.

SAY, JACK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK LIKE A PATENT LEATHER SHEIK, BUT YOU OUGHT TO USE SOMETHING TO KEEP THAT MOP DOWN!
A GIRL JUST COULDN'T MUSS JACK'S HAIR. SOME KIND SOUL SHOULD ADVISE PACKER'S SCALPTONE. IT TONES AND TRAINS YOUR HAIR LIKE AN ARMY DRILL SERGEANT!
IT'S NOT AS BAD AS ALL THAT, JACK BUT WHY GO AROUND DISGUISED AS A LION

Men—here's the 1932 way to keep your hair well-groomed, good-looking, healthy.

1. Shampoo at least once a week with Packer's Tar Soap.

For over 60 years doctors have recommended Packer's in the care of the hair and scalp. Packer's contains genuine pine tar—it stimulates the scalp and helps to keep it dandruff-free.

2. Massage daily with Packer's Scalptone.

Scalptone is the first new idea in hair tonic-dressings in a-generation-and-a-half. *You can adjust it to the condition of your own hair!*

The secret is in the patent oil-tube feature (see illustration below). If your hair is *dry*, pour as much of the oil into the tonic as your hair needs—if it's *very dry*, you'll probably use the whole tube. If your hair is *oily*, simply use Scalptone *without* the oil.

Scalptone keeps your hair in place, without a greasy plastered-down look.

Scalptone is antiseptic, cleansing, stimulating, too. It tones the scalp; clears clogging scales from scalp pores; relieves itching; helps to prevent dandruff.

FREE: 32-page illustrated book, "The Care of the Hair." For your copy, write to PACKER, Dept. 4-B, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

PACKER'S

TAR SOAP • SCALPTONE

For the Weekly Shampoo *Daily, as Dressing and Tonic*

Because of this separate oil tube you make Scalptone more or less oily, as your hair needs.

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When doctors approve you're perfectly safe

Your doctor has certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before he will give it his approval.

Here are the requirements which the doctor considers important:

What the Doctor demands in a Laxative

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Ex-Lax meets every one of these specifications!

Ex-Lax is a scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession.

And it is the special Ex-Lax way of combining a delicious chocolated base with the scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not "whip" them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist, in 10c, 25c, or 50c boxes. Or mail coupon for free sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX —the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. V-232

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

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Address .....

.....

"Coffee and" in the Doggy Dog-Wagon

WHEN you look at the humble dog-wagon, you are looking at Big Business.

You are looking at $100,000,000 a year.

You are looking at 1,000,000 meals a day.

If you are quick at figures, that shows you that the average cost of a dog-wagon meal is around three dimes.

Some of the wagons can tell strange stories, too.

For instance, take the time when the war was over and the last ravenous rookie had gone home from the military training camp at Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania. The casualties of war were ended and the casualties of peace were beginning, and one of the first of these was C. Oakley Ells, whose quick-lunch wagon had flourished in Tobyhanna during the war days. Handwriting "appeared on the rococo walls of Ells's deserted canteen." It said, according to a writer in *World's Work*, "Oakley, get going!"

Mr. Ells before he had gone into the lunch-wagon business had been "the champion trick and fancy pool-player of Connecticut." So now he called his next shot, "a jump over the Pocono Mountains, to Archbald, Pennsylvania."

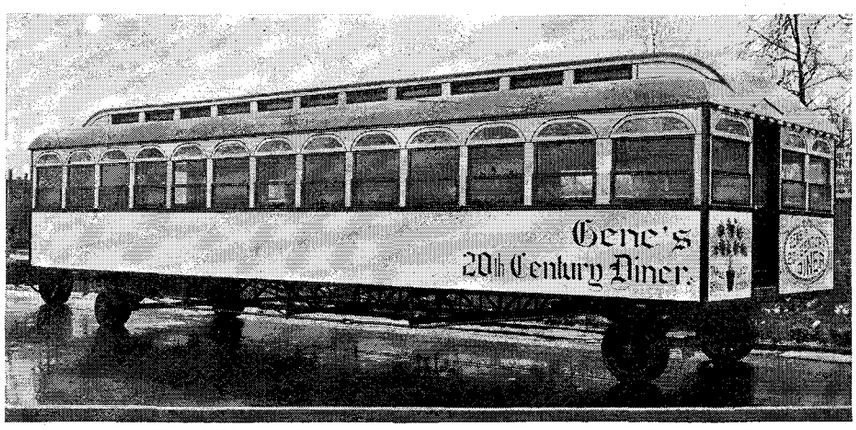
He hired a team and driver. He unblocked the wheels of his dog-wagon. He "put aboard his wife, their three small children, and a few chattels, and was en route."

The deep ruts of the mountain road, the *World's Work* writer continues, "required only a few miles to wrench one of the high wheels off the creaking wagon, but Ells and his driver blacksmithed it on, and the pilgrimage proceeded. About sundown the wheel gave way again; an hour, and most of the teamster's patience, was lost on a dubious repair. Some time far past midnight there was a groan of straining timbers and the carryall lurched to a standstill." Then:

Neither man needed to be told that the spokes of the errant wheel had parted company irreparably with their hub. The Ells brood awoke and, frightened by the desolate Pocono night, began to wail. The teamster swore stolidly, unhitched his horses, and rode off toward Tobyhanna, leaving Mr. Ells, the wizard of the cue, in a position he expertly diagnosed as squarely behind the eight-ball, the darkest of the agates.

Thus marooned, Ells was contemplating the dismal future when his first customer, the Rev. Father Kane, a circuit rider, arrived. From hospitable habit he served the priest hamburger steak, buns, and coffee; another wayfarer stopt, running up to seventy cents the first day's gross on the new, involuntary "stand." Next day Ells walked to town, bought some groceries, and decided to stick it out on the hillside for a while.

AND there he has remained ever since, prospering greatly. Oakley's story, we are assured, "epitomizes in a way the evolution of the lunch wagon—which, from a shambling, obscure start fifty years ago, has progressed to the rank of an American institution. As his experience proved, the lunch wagon is a hardy specimen that, set down almost anywhere, will survive. By nature migratory, the Ells Quick Lunch and all of its species somehow lost the vagabond instinct, and with it went the freedom of wheels. It acquired in their stead, however, characteristics of permanence that threaten to endow with dignity and stability the alma mater of the hot dog and the hamburger."



Illustrations by courtesy of Jerry O'Mahony, Inc.

A Modern Dog-Wagon De Luxe on its Way to Location

NEVERTHELESS, the lunch wagon is still "the most democratic, and therefore the most American, of all eating places." Why? Well hark to the roll-call of patrons:

Actors, milkmen, chauffeurs, débutantes, *nymphes du pave*, young men-about-town, teamsters, students, street-car motormen, messenger boys, policemen, white wings, business men—all these and more rub elbows at its counter. In Northampton, Massachusetts, Will Rogers passed up fifteen restaurants to eat, on the recommendation of Calvin Coolidge's son, in Bill Wade's cozy diner, the Wade Inn.

There are in this country approximately 4,000 portable lunch rooms of varying age, style, and condition. Their number is being augmented annually by from 100 to 200 cars, representing the combined output of

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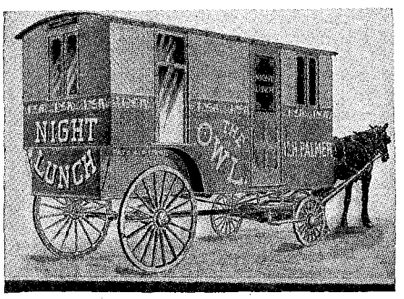
a dozen or more manufacturers. Lunch wagons (or "dining-cars," as their makers vastly prefer they be called) now serve more than 1,000,000 meals a day, a majority of which are, of course, "coffee and" (doughnuts, sandwich, beans, pie, and so on) orders. The average lunch-car check of thirty cents gives the wagons an aggregate cash intake of considerably more than $100,000,000 annually.

INDEED, the writer in *The World's Work* assures us, some of the most impressive financial interests in America have of late considered the possibilities of the dog-wagon; and the president of an important restaurant chain took a job as counterman in a Philadelphia lunch car in order to get a slant on the business. The idea seems to be to tie up the lunch wagon with the filling station. Reading on:

Its patronage expanding, the humble dog-wagon, with its sandwich-pie-coffee menu, gradually has been transformed. The lunch wagon now is not a wagon at all,



Ask Dad! He Remembers This Patriarch of Lunch Carts

but a pretentious, semipermanent, *bijou* restaurant, designed by engineers familiar with Pullman-car and ship architecture. It offers table d'hôte meals and twenty or more à la carte items, including various meats, soups, sea foods, salads, pastries, fruits, and frozen desserts. Waitresses are now included in many dining-car crews, and a strong bid is being made for the feminine and family trade. The old and the new wagons resemble each other only in general shape and economy of interior space.

The interior is as utilitarian as a machinist's bench. It shimmers with burnished nickel, quarter-sawed oak, black marbleite, and colored tile.

Lined up against the far wall, within short reach of the three or four white-uniformed countermen, is the entire operating equipment of the diner: stoves, warming-pans, coffee-urns, refrigerator section, storage bins, silver, dishes, and so on. On the other side of the marble counter that divides the car lengthwise are from twelve to twenty-four stools, and back of them, in the newer models, a row of tables for two or four. The diner is ventilated by blower fans which expel the fumes of frying steak and onions that formerly caused the eyes as well as the mouth of the lunch-wagon patron to water.

The lunch-wagoner, as a type, is rapidly changing.

The "tough mug," like the gaudy "dog-wagon," has not disappeared; but he is on his way out. Many men of college training, a few former professors, accountants, retired Army officers, editors, and salesmen are operating diners.

WARNED IN THE NICK OF TIME . . by ALBERT DORNE

GIRLS AGREED HE WAS GOOD-LOOKING BUT "SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE" .... TOO BAD HE NEVER SUSPECTED WHY
MEN AT THE OFFICE FOUND HIM CAPABLE AND HARD-WORKING. YET THEY HESITATED TO PROMOTE HIM
THE "ONLY GIRL" TURNED HIM DOWN WHEN HE ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM
THEN A YOUNG DOCTOR-FRIEND FRANKLY TOLD HIM WHAT HIS FAULT WAS
—AND ADVISED LIFEBUOY
NO "B.O." TO SPOIL HIS CHANCES NOW! WEDDING BELLS NEXT MONTH

"B.O." A REAL DANGER

NO one is safe from it. Even in cool weather pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily. A crowded theatre or dance floor—a stuffy office or room—and others are quick to notice a hint of this odor about us. Play safe—use Lifebuoy! It purifies and *deodorizes* pores—ends all danger of "B.O." offending. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health.

Clearer complexions

Lifebuoy's pure, bland, *deep-cleansing* lather gently frees pores of clogged impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with new radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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The Gas-Tax Racket

THE GAS-BOOTLEGGER is giving us a big problem.

The State gasoline-tax laws are fast coming round into the same class as the Prohibition statutes, "as measures around the enforcement of which a great deal of corruption is growing up," reflects *The National Petroleum News* (Cleveland).

Oil men in the Middle West have been organizing to fight gas-tax evasions. The automobile people are no less alarmed.

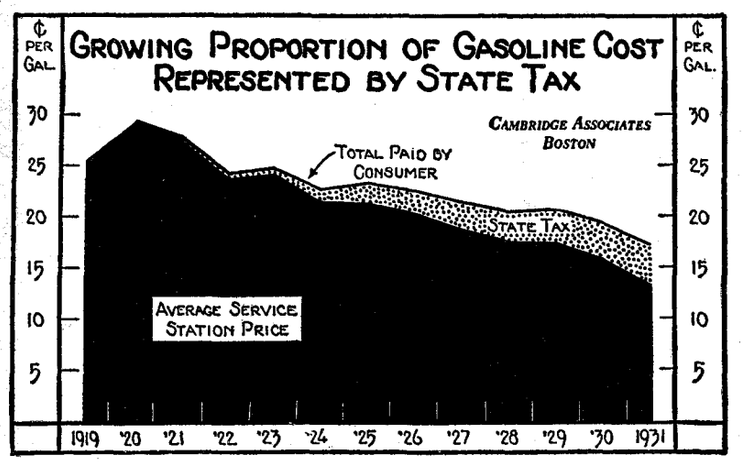
During 1931 gasoline taxation came in for a lot of attention from legislators, administrators, and users, we read in a statement sent out by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which gathers up information on the subject as follows:

> Consumption increased nearly 5 per cent. to a new peak total.
> Rates and collections both advanced.
> Evasions and exemptions grew large enough to be troublesome.

The menace of growing diversion was foreshadowed.

The 1931 total collection of gasoline taxes is expected to be in the neighborhood of $525,000,000, passing the half-billion mark for the first time, and exceeding by almost $200,000,000 the receipts from license fees.

Last year was the third in which gasoline taxes have been greater than the registration receipts, equaling in 1930 approximately 30 per cent. of all highway expenditures.



Every State Legislature meeting in 1931 had before it the question of gasoline taxation. Many of the rates were advanced, some for highways, some for general treasury use.

Several Mid-Western States experienced serious attempts at evasion of the State tax by "bootlegging" of blended mixtures of gasoline, kerosene, and cheap distillates, and by actual fraudulent practises in consignment. Other States found some evasion of the tax at their borders.

The problem seems to be a child of 1931, perhaps abetted by the depression. The rate of tax does not appear to be as important a factor as lax administration, concentrated demand, and ease of sale.

About 95 per cent. of the gasoline-tax money is used on State and county roads, for the servicing of State and county bond issues, or for city streets.

In many States there was active agitation in the 1931 legislatures not only to increase the tax but to use it for general revenue purposes.

The average tax collection per vehicle amounted in 1930 to $18.60 per vehicle on the basis of 556 gallons at an average rate of 3.35 cents.

Two flagrant evils "threaten the existence of the gasoline tax as a main sinew of national road-building," contends Ernest N. Smith, writing in *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore). In the first place the motorists were originally assured that the proceeds of the gas tax would go to road-building. Also, that the rate "would not bear too heavily against the class on which it was levied." "Hence the universal acceptance of the levy."

But, declares Mr. Smith, "on both counts, our lawmakers have broken faith in the most flagrant manner":

> The gasoline tax is being used more and more for purposes that are entirely alien to road-building and maintenance. It has been pyramided until in some instances it has now reached the economic point of diminishing returns.

And so, "the racketeer has entered the field and is doing a big-time business" as a result of the pyramiding of the tax:

> The racket is well organized. In all probability, the amount of gasoline money lost through evasion of the tax now considerably exceeds the revenue loss to road-building through diversion.
>
> It is safe to say that in 1931 gasoline-bootleggers stole $40,000,000 of money paid by highway users, while our lawmakers have dipt their hands into the funds to the extent of close to $20,000,000 for purposes of general State administration. Thus, evasion and diversion of gasoline taxes have, in the twelve-month period, accounted for a loss of some $60,000,000 of road-building money, sufficient to build a standard, concrete two-lane highway from New York to Salt Lake City, a distance of 2,400 miles.

THE plague grows by what it feeds upon, for at present, under the urge for unemployment relief, the temptation to use gas-tax revenue for general purposes has become greater than ever before. To date, according to Mr. Smith, "seventeen State Legislatures have convened in special session, and in practically every one of them bills were introduced providing specifically for increases in gas-tax levies to create a dole for the unemployed." Attention is called to such diversion during the past year of gas-tax funds in Texas, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana, and for other purposes in Louisiana, New Jersey, and Oklahoma. The Governor of Indiana, we read, even tried to have a large part of the gas-tax money turned into the general fund.

Turning now to bootlegging, Mr. Smith points out that naturally the higher the tax the busier the bootlegger. We are told that:

> There are two classes of violators, the professional who operates on a big-time scale, and the amateur who seeks to augment the family income by pilfering the gas tax.
>
> But let's adopt the policy of the Government in enforcing the dry law and deal with the big fellows first.
>
> All the ingenuity at the command of men who deal in millions is employed. They operate under dummy corporations using "wildcat" refineries, which receive and market fuel without reporting it for tax purposes.
>
> They set up paint factories and other plants to show records of gas sold for tax-free purposes, but which is actually sold for motor-vehicle use, and the tax pocketed.
>
> They move gasoline in tank cars labeled "distillate," which is non-taxable, or blend low-grade gasoline with tax-free naphtha or kerosene, and after selling it pocket the tax.
>
> They juggle gallonage figures on receipts, forge documents, conspire with railroad employees to report shipments improperly, and corrupt State officials or take them into partnership.
>
> They buy gasoline in a State for "export" purposes, tax-free, and then maneuver the shipments so that the gasoline is returned to the same State.
>
> They buy gasoline in a State where the tax is low, pay it, and then sell the fuel in a State where the tax is high.
>
> These two latter methods are probably the most commonly employed in this gigantic racket.
>
> Another of the most common forms of evading the tax is for a filling-station operator to conduct his business in a bona fide manner, and then "sell out" and seek new fields when the time comes to report tax collections to State authorities.
>
> The question of refunds has also become more serious with the mounting of the rates. Most States allow exemption for fuel used for non-highway purposes such as tractors, farm machinery, stationary engines, aircraft, motor-boats, and the like.
>
> Tax officials have been astounded to learn how great the gasoline consumption is for tractors, cleaning gloves, etc., or other purposes which require only small quantities when no tax is involved.

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Well, how can this gas-tax racket be stopt? Concludes Mr. Smith:

No single formula to stop lawlessness can be offered.

But certain remedies suggest themselves.

If the lawmakers stop diverting the tax, they will in a large measure end the incentive to pyramiding it. If they quit pyramiding it, or find it possible to reduce it to reasonable rates which are also the rates of highest productivity, they will take the profit out of the racket, as far as the bootlegger is concerned. It is impossible to prescribe a uniform tax for all States.

At the same time, however, it is clear that divergencies in tax returns in States immediately adjoining each other offer the best operating conditions for the racketeers. Inclusion in State laws of stronger safeguards for the licensing and bonding of all dealers would materially help, as would more adequate provisions for checking shipments and sales.

But unquestionably the most important remedy is for the States to keep the tax at a rate which will be fair to the motorist, profitable as a tax, and unprofitable to the bootlegger.

YET the price of gas has been falling, and the continuous increase in the gas-tax rate somewhat obscures the parallel drop in the total cost of gasoline to the consumer. This means that "the individual automobile owner has considerable reason to thank the oil companies for matching these progressively higher rates with even larger reductions in the base price of motor fuel." So we are reminded by the Cambridge Associates at Boston, who point out that—

In 1919, 1920, and 1921, the average State gasoline tax amounted to less than one-tenth of a cent per gallon, so that practically all of the 29-cent price then prevailing went to the oil companies themselves. To-day, following a steady decrease in the base price and equally steady increase in the tax rate to the present figure of nearly four cents per gallon, only about two-thirds of the $.173 paid in by the motorist accrues to the producers and distributors to cover their costs of production and distribution.

Babson Hands Hard Times Its Hat

"THE depression is in retreat."

Thus Roger W. Babson, who predicted the stock-market slump of 1929, breaks the silence in a prepared statement for the press. Not that Mr. Babson predicts any quick pick-up. This is what he says, according to an Associated Press dispatch in the New York *Tribune:*

The Babson chart, which was the basis for my forecast of the market break in 1929, is now with equal positiveness indicating that we have seen the trough of the depression of 1930-31, and that the present year will show an irregular movement toward higher levels.

The chart is now turning upward for the first time in more than two years, except for the temporary rally of last spring. For some years to come I do not expect to see the Babson chart below the depth reached last November. Of course, this does not mean any sharp rise back to normal conditions, but it does indicate the depression is in retreat. The long-range outlook is that fundamentally better times are now definitely assured.

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"Watch the Small Business"

THE smaller industrial organizations of the country are seen by at least one observer to be leading the way to more stable conditions.

The reason, says *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore), is that "they are more easily adaptable to the changes taking place; their close-knit organization, under the control of direct ownership, has been more quickly responsive to initiative and energetic management."

This flexibility, we are told, has been the greatest asset of the small business during these last two difficult years. As *The Manufacturers Record* continues:

In predepression days, the fashion of mergers and consolidations made size a fetish. Events have proved the illusion in some instances.

The owners of many small businesses, prosperous within themselves, who were eager to become part, or persuaded to become part of a great combine, would be better off had they remained independent.

Whether the present situation means that the trend will be back to the independent producer, owning and operating small units, remains to be seen. It at least emphasizes that weakness lies in consolidations which are not justified by sound economic reasons.

Such consolidations, by their dead weight of overcapitalization, and overmanned with high-salaried executives inherited from the various companies involved, eventually would have gotten into difficulty.

The depression has emphasized and intensified their inherent weakness.

While the uneconomic consolidations are burdened with debt and unwieldy of management, the small concerns have the benefit of initiative and resourcefulness that does not have to look to a banking group or owners removed from the field of operations to sanction every move. They do not have to wait until word is passed down the line as to whether they can make an investment to reduce operating costs or take advantage of a sales opportunity.

Back to the Hour-Glass in Wall Street

IN one of the big down-town New York banks, visitors wonder why so many desks are decorated with what seem at first glance to be tiny hour-glasses.

As a matter of fact, we read on the financial page of the New York *Times*, they are three-minute glasses, "since the sand takes just that long to run from one end to the other." Visitors, we are told, notice that occasionally a man will reach for the telephone with one hand and for the "hour-glass" with the other. And here is the explanation *The Times* gives:

It seems that the bank officials were a little distrest to find, on checking up in the interest of economy, that employees making long-distance telephone calls frequently remain on the wire a few seconds after the initial three-minute period and, consequently, were charged with another minute. It was found that a trickle of sand aided the communicator much more than did his watch; hence, the fascinating little toys on the desks.

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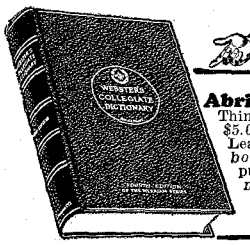

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KDKA	—Pittsburgh	6:45 E.S. Time
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WLW	—Cincinnati	6:45 E.S. Time
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

agistor.—"J. M. S.," Des Moines, Ia.—An *agistor* is one who receives and pastures cattle for hire; especially, in England, an officer for supervision of cattle *agisted* in the royal forests. The word is derived from the Old French, *agister*, to give lodgings to."

apparatus.—"R. E.," New York City.—This word has two pronunciations: (1) *ap"a-re'tus*—first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey*, *u* as in *but*; (2) *ap"a-ra'tus*—first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *final*, third *a* as in *art*, *u* as in *but*. The pronunciation *ap"pa-rat'us* is illiterate.

diseuse.—"E. L. W.," Hagerstown, Md.—This word, which means "a woman who acts as she interprets, sings, or recites," is pronounced *diz'uz"*—*i* as in *police*, *u* as in *burn*.

Fahrenheit.—"J. E. S.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—The correct pronunciation of the name *Fahrenheit* is *fa'ren-hait*—*a* as in *art*, *e* as in *get*, *ai* as in *aisle*.

flesh-pots of Egypt, the.—"F. H.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—This is a Biblical expression meaning, "material welfare or luxuries or sordid consideration," in allusion to *Exodus xvi*, verses 2 and 3.

fortieth.—"F. G. G.," Waco, Tex.—The spelling *fourtieth* for *fortieth* is now obsolete. The correct form is *fortieth*. The genius of language is responsible for these mutations in the spellings of words which usage confirms. No other explanation can be given, for none of us know why, unless it be, in this particular case, that people began to pronounce the word "for'ty" instead of "four'ty," and with the spread of this pronunciation, the change in spelling followed.

gesture.—"H. F.," Dallas, Tex.—The *g* in this word is pronounced like the *j* in *jest*—*jes'chur* (or *-tiur*, *iu* as *eu* in *feud*)—*e* as in *get*, *ch* as in *chin*, *u* as in *full*.

gigolo.—"C. C. O.," Nogales, Ariz.—For the origin of *gigolo*, we must turn to the French tongue, in which *gigolette* was used, at one time, to describe a young girl of marriageable age, but is now used to describe a woman of evil reputation. The term *gigolo* was used first to designate the "steady" or sweetheart of a *gigolette*; hence, a sweetheart. But, in recent years, *gigolo* has been associated with dancing, and designates one who makes a profession of dancing with, and escorting, and entertaining women.

The English equivalent of *gigolette* is *giglet*, originally, a light-o'-love or a woman of wanton life; later, a giddy, laughing, coltish, romping girl. The *giglot*, or *gigglot* as it was spelled in 1529, was a man given over to excesses. *Giglotry* was lasciviousness.

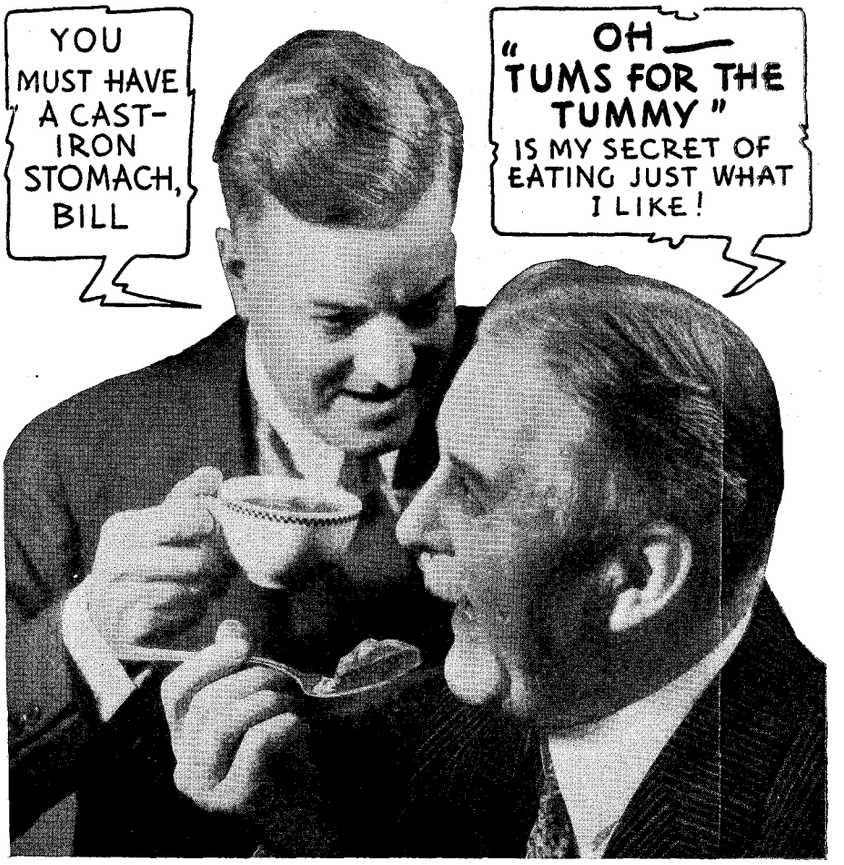
The word *gigolo*, as now used, is pronounced as if written *jee"go"lo'*. Its ultimate source is unknown, but the word has been traced to Old French *gigue*, a musical instrument of the fiddle type. The French dance-tune *gigue* is of later introduction; so some scholars have sought to identify *gigolo* with French *giguer*, to frolic, gambol, or leap.

planet: what is the nearest?—"H. C.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The relative sizes and distances of the planets have been explained by Sir Norman Lockyer by analogy. In accordance with this, the *Sun* is a globe 2 feet in diameter; *Mercury*, a grain of mustard seed, 164 feet away; *Venus*, a pea in an orbit of 284 feet; the *Earth*, a pea, 430 feet distant; *Mars*, a pin-head, 654 feet away; *Jupiter*, an orange, at a distance of half a mile; *Saturn*, a smaller orange, four-fifths of a mile away; *Uranus*, a small plum, 1½ miles away, and *Neptune*, a larger plum at a distance of 2½ miles.

team.—"C. M.," Windsor, Can.—A *team* consists of two or more beasts of burden harnessed together; also, the animals with their harness or equipment and the vehicle to which they are attached. In statute law, the word *team* usually denotes either one or two beasts of burden with their harness, and the vehicle to which they are attached for use.

to.—"H. V. J.," Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.—There are not "three different kinds of" the *written* or *printed* word, but three absolutely different words. There are, one may say, "three kinds" of the *spoken* word. The *written* words are as different in written form as in meaning; the *pronounced* words are identical in pronunciation, but distinct in meaning.

undertaker.—"S. D. R.," St. Louis, Mo.—The word *undertaker* has been in the language since 1350, and with the specific meaning, "one who makes a business of carrying out the arrangements for funerals, dates from 1698. In the parish register of Chester Waters, England, is to be found the entry: "The furnishing of funerals by a small number of men called *undertakers*."



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Almost everyone (about 7 out of 10 Americans) at times suffers from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas due to hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, etc. For quick, pleasant relief, simply eat three or four TUMS—often one is enough. You'll like TUMS—they're so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

New Slant in Geology.—"What started the Grand Canyon?"

"A Scotchman lost a penny in a ditch."—*Carolinian.*

Everybody Helped.—"For all men kill the thing they love," said Oscar Wilde. And he might have been talking about prosperity.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Full of Surprizes.—"She is one of those worm-style motorists."

"What do you mean, worm-style?"

"A worm never gives any signal which way it will turn."—*Boston Transcript.*

Human Churn.—"Good gracious, Junior, I forgot to shake the bottle before I gave you that medicine."

"Don't worry, mummy, I'll turn a few handsprings."—*Chicago News.*

Bam!—Bog—"I got a real kick out of kissing Jane, last night."

Gog—"Any more than usual?"

Bog—"Yea, the old man caught me."—*Witt.*

Early Victorian.—Our idea of a perfect love is a husband eating the spinach without a murmur because "her dear hands" had prepared it for him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Saving the Nation.—"Why did they provide the Capitol with a rotunda?"

"It's a good place for statesmen who like to run around in circles."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

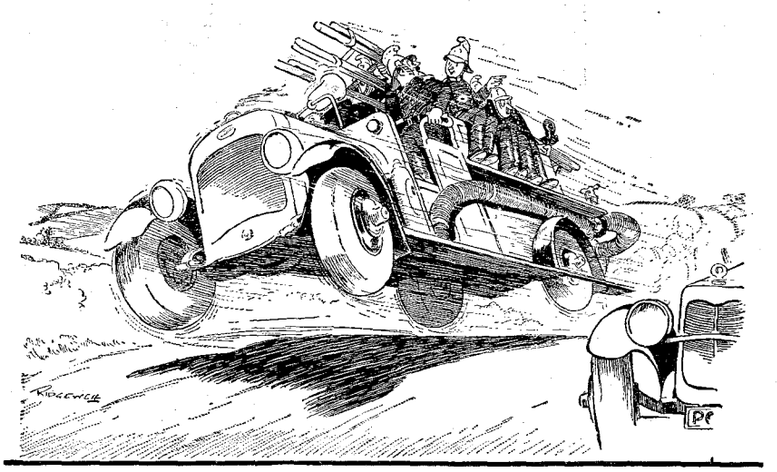
Retort Courteous.—Husband—"Going to church, eh! To show your new furs, I suppose."

Wife—"No, dear, to show everybody what a generous hubby I've got."—*Jokesmith.*

When They've Got the Price.—

The pawnbroker's face
To his fellow creatures
Always possesses
Redeeming features.

—*Florida Times-Union.*



The Chief: "What?"
Chatty Fireman: "I said, 'the country looks nice, don't it?' "
—"The Humorist" (London).

Slips That Pass in the Night

Four-Footed Crooners.—Pekingese pups, three months old; fine young singers, reasonable.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Younger Generation Goes the Limit.—
TWO DEAD BOYS WERE TAKING
FRIENDS TO PARTY
—*Washington Star.*

Swell Jaunt.—A reception was held at a Beverly Hills hotel following the nuptials. The couple will leave to-morrow for Honolulu on a moneymoon.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Health Proviso.—Q. How old do cows live to be?

A. Cattle will live to the age of fifteen years if not slaughtered before that time.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

We Tip Our Hat to Him.—They reached an altitude of 20,000 feet when strong winds forced them to abandon the attempt. Mr. Everest is 29,141 feet high.—*Lansing (Mich.) State Journal.*

Daily Dozen Stunt.—One hold-up man was slain and his accomplice was in jail today because a left-handed druggist raised his right hand while reaching for the other with his revolver.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

When Science Tickles.—
SCIENTIST PLANS
COMIC RAY STUDY
IN STRATOSPHERE
—*Tampa Times.*

Shivery Garb.—When the ship sailed Aviatrix Ruth Nichols flew round the masts clad in a purple leather jacket, went aboard at Quarantine and presented Delegate Woolley with two large bunches of spring flowers.—*Time.*

What Barnum Missed.—When Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights" first appeared some years ago people opened wide their noses. Some also placed cotton in eyes and tilted their very genteel their ears.—*New York Times Book Review.*

No Loose Wires.—

MATRIMONIAL

Wanted a fair accomplished rich Smartha Brahmin Vadama Sect maid (bride) for a fair well connected young bachelor graduate prosecuting his studies in Law. Apply with full particulars and horoscope copy giving Gotram to: M-2989, c/o "The Hindu."—*The Hindu (Madras, India).*

Boys Will Be Boys.—"Did you have the car out last night?"

"Yes, Dad; I took some of the boys for a run round."

"Well, tell them I've found two of their lipsticks!"—*Everybody's.*

What Price "Kiss Me Good-By"?—There has been a great deal of agitation, the last few years, about a new motto for the coin of the realm, and the Pierce City *Leader-Journal* suggests, "Abide With Me," and "I Need Thee Every Hour."—*Florida Times-Union*

Too Much Digging.—"My speech was rather lengthy, I am afraid," said the young statesman; "but I assure you that it contains numerous gems of thought."

"Perhaps," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I have never allowed myself to take the slightest interest in these stories of buried treasure."—*Washington Star.*

Proofs of Servitude.—Station Sergeant—"Are you married?"

Prisoner—"No, sir."

Officer—"He's a liar, Sergeant. When we searched him we found in his pockets a clipt recipe for curing croup, a sample of silk, and two unposted letters in a woman's handwriting a week old."—*Bennington Banner.*

Figuring Worse Than Fingering.—"What do you find the most difficult thing on the piano?"

"To pay the instalments."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

A Nod's as Good as a Wink.—Marie—"Did you give Bob any opportunities to propose?"

Mabel—"Yes, but goodness, I couldn't tell him they were opportunities, could I?"—*Jokesmith.*

Referred to Emily Post.—

Oh ye paragraphers to the rescue haste,
A momentous question has arisen.
If a Leap Year maid ask a bachelor's hand
Should she go on her knees or hisen?
—*Taylor County News.*

No matter whether it's leap year or not,
Since the question has arisen,
Even if she does propose almost anybody knows
She's sure to be sitting on hisen.
—*Florida Times Union.*

The columnists aren't making much of leap year and its feminine privileges, nor are our contributors. One verse that came in runs:

In the seethe of leap year fancies
This one rises to the top:
Does the girl who pops the question
Have to go and question pop?
—*Boston Transcript.*

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